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NO. 2

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

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THE PRESIDENT'S COLONIAL POLICY.

IMPERIALISM GONE MAD.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S colonial—for want of a better word—policy has been put forward in an "interpretation"—new word for an authorized or inspired interview—by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. The gist of the President's policy is, that Congress shall govern the new possessions; of course, under the suggestion of the White House. Congress can govern the new possessions extra-constitutionally. That is to say, Congress can govern the possessions as territories now are governed, except that it can exempt the natives and residents from rights guaranteed American citizens by the Constitution. The President is undoubtedly right. Congress can do this, but will the people bear with it? It is my opinion that popular opinion is against the admission of the people of our new possessions to full citizenship. It is generally realized that the enfranchisement of the negro *en bloc* was a mistake, and it will not do to repeat the error. The new possessions will be governed without regard to what we know as our Constitutional rights. There will be one law for us; another for the possessions. Many rights of ours will not be for them. This is Imperialism with a capital I, and there is no use disguising it under euphemisms. The person who calmly considers the proposition may at first revolt, but, looking at things as they are, we must admit that, so far as we are able to judge, the majority of the natives of our new possessions are not competent to govern themselves. Liberty is for those who know how to use it. People who cannot govern themselves must be governed. People who cannot understand rights, or properly use them, should not be entrusted with them. They must be educated up to them. Their rights must be determined by the wiser and stronger. The President's logic is irrefutable. We can only escape from it in one way—pulling up stakes and leaving the possessions to anarchy or seizure by other powers. And we shall not do that. No, not even, as Senator Hoar

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD CHEER.

A N evening with Jefferson, as *Rip Van Winkle*, is a thing to remember lovingly.

Not long since, there was written, in this paper, the record of a man's impressions of this famous actor in this famous play.

Many persons of discernment found that article so true, in greater or less degree, to their own impressions of the actor and the drama that they have been writing, for the last three months, for copies of the paper in which it appeared.

The supply of copies of that number gave out

well says, if Mr. Bryan should be elected President. The new possessions will be governed in general accord with this extra-constitutionality, or not at all. So far, it is a case of "must;" the only thing we can do for ourselves, the best thing we can do for the Philippines.

*
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Here is a sentence from the President's vicarious "message," which will cost him hundreds of thousands of votes:

He looks forward to benefiting the natives by expanding the blessings of Protestant Christianity and civilization by means of commerce.

The greater number of inhabitants of our new possessions are, so far as they have any civilized religion at all, Catholic Christians. Catholic Americans will resent the imputation that Catholics in the new possessions need civilizing "by commerce." What brand of Protestant Christianity is the President to give the natives? Think of all the sects, without counting Christian Science, Schweinfurthism, etc.! Mr. Nelson implies that the President favors Methodism. What will the Lutherans, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Swedenborgians, Christians, *a la* Campbell, and others, think of Methodist government? Of course the Filipinos will be puzzled by so many different sorts of Christianity, in greater or less conflict, and it might be well, as President Schurman has suggested, to simplify matters by giving missionary monopoly to one sect. It might be well to divide the possessions among the sects by a sort of *sortes*, or lottery of texts. What does the President mean by expanding Protestant Christianity "by commerce?" Does he mean that the sons of missionaries shall gobble up all the good things in sight, as they did in Hawaii? What has the President, as President, to do with Protestant, any more than with Catholic, Christianity? Is he a Protestant President or a Methodist President? Is he not just simply, solely President, without creedal, yea, without political qualifications? Is he to make Protestantism the State religion in possessions where there were Catholic communicants and Catholic colleges before some of the Protestant sects, so strong in this country to-day, were heard of?

If President McKinley does not repudiate the implication against the presently dominant Christianity in the islands, and the threat of a State religion, he will not receive five thousand Catholic votes in the United States, next November. He will "crawfish," or he will qualify the sentence away. But the President has been suspected before of posing as a Methodist President, and now Mr. Nelson admits as much. And all the other denominations will want no Methodist government or governmental Methodism. That one sentence may defeat William McKinley's ambition to succeed himself.

Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson is apt to prove to be William McKinley's Burchard, for he follows up the sentence quoted with this:

It is important to digress a moment for the purpose of saying that the President is largely under the influence of certain clergymen, one of whom considers that he is the chosen champion of Protestantism in its imaginary war with Romanism and this accounts in a large measure for his conviction that in preaching Christianity and civilization among the heathen he is gaining and keeping the approval of good Americans. Mr. McKinley is a loyal Methodist and is naturally stirred and moved by the enthusiasm of that important denomination.

So far as Irish or German Catholic support is concerned the President is done for, and the Protestant denominations other than Methodist are offended grievously. Unbelievers will look upon this phase of McKinley as a proof that he is a molly, and politicians will see in it the prospect of preacher-politics, in the near future, which will boggle things horribly with sectarian antipathies, and empirical and impractical moralities dictated by worldly inexperience.

The Mirror.

Is Archbishop Ireland supporting "the chosen champion of Protestantism in (even) an imaginary war with Romanism" (ugly word for this time and thing?) How about the great Irish Catholic member of the President's kitchen cabinet, Mr. Richard C. Kerens, who defeated the Arbitration Treaty?

Mr. McKinley has committed a ghastly blunder. "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" are not forgotten. The "Protestant Christianity" phrase may destroy him. Whether it should destroy him, some will doubt. If he stands by it, I say it should destroy him. Our Presidents should not "monkey with" religious sectarianism, as Presidents.

President McKinley blunders again in the matter of a tariff policy for the possessions. We may grant him all that may be said for the civilizing influence of commercialism. Personally, I believe that commercialism is a good force. No one believes, however, in commercializing religion; see *supra*. The President's tariff policy is ultra-commercial, as Mr. Nelson exposes it for us. Thus: "The protected interests are not to be injured by the annexation of any territory." And again: "If it should be held that the Constitution applies to the new possessions, the tariff policy of the Republican party would be weakened and the protected interests would be offended." Nothing to "offend" the protected interests. Therefore natives of the new possessions are to have no rights. It wouldn't do. It would hurt the "protected interests." What are the protected interests? Seek for them chiefly in the much-hated trusts. Imperialism for "interests," for "interests" already fattened to colossal proportions by government for favor! Expansion for the benefit of interests. Where is principle in this scheme? No "open door" in the Philippines for Chinese goods, though we insist upon an open door in China for our own goods. "There's richness for you," as Mr. Wackford Squeers would say. That's the brotherhood of man, with a vengeance. We have bluffed open the door in China. We are to slam shut our own door—as China did centuries ago. And all for the benefit of special "interests." Are we governed by and for "interests" of this sort, or are we governed for the whole people? Is it for the protected plutocrats that the President holds—*vnde* Mr. Nelson's article:

It (Congress) may refuse to the natives and to the American citizens who may go to our colonies the right of jury trial, the right of free speech, the right to bear arms, the right of peaceable assemblage and of petition; freedom from unwarrantable arrest, freedom from search—all those rights which the Constitution guards so jealously.

Could anything be more basely infamous than such a conception of the nature of our obligations to the new possessions as is displayed in this sentence:

But the main purpose of the President is to deal with the islands as markets for American products and as the subject of commercial exploitation generally.

Commercialism could not farther go. This is the ultimate limit of government for the benefit of the few. It regards the people of the possessions not at all. It commercializes even religion. It flies the flag over a realm in which the flag means a different thing in different places. It debars the new possessions from the natural outlet for their resources. It prevents the islands being of any benefit to the people of this country, except the "protected industries" which may exploit them "generally."

The President's tariff policy revolts every tariff-reformer who supported him, against the grain, in 1896. And the working-man, how will he view it? Will he rejoice that this policy will shut out coolie-products? Hardly. The policy will prevent the cheapening of necessities which might have resulted from freedom of trade with the islands. Will it raise the workingman's wages? It will not. It will simply give the protected industries a tighter "cinch" in the matter of fixing prices. It will cut the American laborer off from the products grown on American soil. And protected industries may exploit the cheap labor of the islands, fetch the product here and make a higher percentage of profit off the workingman by virtue of the tariff added to the labor cost of the material in this country.

The workingman will not benefit, he will, on the contrary, be injured, by this arrangement. His wages may not go down, but the cost of living will go up. And that is the workingman's loss.

It will be said I am condemning not what Mr. McKinley says but what Mr. Nelson says. Bosh! Twenty years of newspapering tell me that no such article as Mr. Nelson's was ever put forth without the President's approval. Mr. Nelson would not betray the President's confidence. The article represents the President's opinion. The President saw it as printed, in all probability.

This policy means that Mr. McKinley can be beaten in this year of grace.

He cannot be beaten by fighting the general proposition that we shall hold the islands. He cannot be beaten by a party leader who insists upon an issue like silver which, to put it mildly, threatens business stability and all values. He cannot be beaten by any appeal to class hatred.

Mr. McKinley can be beaten by a man on a platform opposing a State religion or sect in the islands. He can be beaten by a man on a platform opposing government of the colonies solely as markets, without regard to the human rights of the inhabitants, for the benefit of "protected industries," already pampered into arrogance. He can be beaten by accepting expansion as a fact and insisting that the people at large shall share in the natural advantages of expansion. He can be beaten by acceptance even of Imperialism, with a proviso for American rights in the possessions and insistence upon free trade, at least between all the lands over which the American flag may float. We may accept Imperialism, but not Imperialism gone mad. We may accept expansion, but not expansion for the exclusive benefit of the "protected industries."

In brief, the only way to defeat Mr. McKinley is to bring the fight back to the tariff issue and make it a fight for all the people not against the few, but against government favoritism for the few. Silverism, if put forward again this year, will only be a battle for privilege for silver mine owners. Make the fight against government by privilege, expansion for privilege, Imperialism for privilege, Gage treasury manipulation for privilege!

If the opposition be wise it must see that, in this latest utterance, President McKinley has destroyed himself. Thinking people will interpret it as a proclamation of intent to work expansion for the syndicate campaign-contributors. A party shedding silverism can win, but not with a man for leader who is committed to the Imperio-paternalism called Populism. Drop silver and Bryan, the senseless opposition to expansion as an accomplished fact, and the programme of interference with business development. Make the fight against tariff oligarchism and Mr. McKinley is doomed.

W. M. R.

REFLECTIONS.

If Washington Were Alive

It might profit us a little to consider what would be George Washington's attitude to all the vexed, public questions if he were alive to-day. Washington was not a dreamer, but a singularly hard-headed person. He would, probably, be an expansionist, on the principle that we have already expanded, but he would hardly believe in a tariff law against our own possessions. He would certainly be against the Hay-Pauncefote treaty if he believed it involved us in entangling foreign alliances. It is likely enough that he would feel, unless he had changed his qualities, that it would be unwise to give the greater number of our new "subjects" or "citizens," or whatever we may call the people of the islands, any more liberty than we have been accustomed to give the Indians. It is unlikely that he would be strongly pro-Boer in sentiment, for in his day he preferred English friendship to that of the French Revolutionists. There wasn't much sentiment about Washington, in his official capacity, at least. He thought it was pretty good patriotism to look out for the in-

terests of this country first. One of the things Washington did not like about Jefferson was the quality of sentimentality which was supposed to distinguish the latter, although, for all his penchant for speculative politics, Jefferson was anything but a milksop. Washington never went off half-cocked. He was always, more or less, Fabian in everything, except when, in his individual capacity, he lost his temper. While we may doubt whether Washington would be solicitous for the protected interests, if alive to-day, and while we are sure that he was not a worshiper of a joss of commerce, and while we are sure he would not have his ear to the ground for a clew to public sentiment, we may be sure that the Father of His Country had a wholesome regard for the property elements and was by many regarded as being, for his day and date, not only a plutocrat, but an aristocrat. It is quite likely, therefore, that Washington, revisiting the scene, would find himself more easily adjustable to the policies of Mr. McKinley than those of Mr. Bryan, unless, of course, he had learned something during all the years he has been dead. If Washington came back as he was, he would by instinct and training be with the men who are opposed to and opposed by Mr. Bryan. It is very likely, indeed, that Washington, coming back to-day, would look upon the doctrines with which Mr. Bryan's name is associated as being of the nature of that mania which he saw growing in Paris. Barring religious matters Washington might be expected to look as coldly upon Mr. Bryan's actions and demonstrations as he looked upon the ill-balanced, near-sighted excitability of Thomas Paine. Surely Washington would have no sympathy with Mr. Bryan's cheap money views, having had experience of a Continental dollar worth 16 cents. Washington would also remember the crusade of 1786, against the Bank of North America, which was the Octopus of that day. We may even say that Washington would be an Imperialist, for there was something about him which at least made his enemies think they had a strong case against him as an aspirant to dictatorship. He was a strong government man, in the best sense of the word, and differed from McKinley in that he had not so many advisers. While not a militarist he believed in preparation for war as means of peace. He died before the great expansion movement began, but it was under his administration that the treaty with Spain was concluded which threw open the Mississippi to free navigation and permitted the people of the United States to deposit merchandise for transhipment at New Orleans or thereabouts free of duty. This was a step in the direction of the Louisiana Purchase, which is to be celebrated in 1903. And the Northwestern Territory, comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and part of Minnesota came into the hands of the United States between 1780 and 1786. So that we may fairly claim that Washington was an expansionist, but a free trade expansionist, if his protest against Spain's closing of the port of New Orleans mean anything. It is not likely that Washington would be advised or openly controlled by a man like Mr. Hanna if he were President, or that he would stick to Mr. Gage in the matter of bank favoritism, but neither would he train with John Peter Altgeld and "Coin" Harvey and "Joe" Blackburn if he revisited the earth. In brief, Washington, come to earth again, would be like the greater number of gold Democrats, choosing at the last, if the choice were to be made, McKinley as the lesser evil.

The Criterion

ST. LOUIS people will remember that Mrs. Grace Davidson, of this city, took charge of a weekly paper called *Life*, renamed it the *Criterion*, transplanted it in New York, and began a gallant siege of the citadel of success. When the paper first appeared in New York it was unique. The editor was Henri Dumay, formerly instructor in French in the Washington University here. Dumay was a brilliant fellow, if somewhat erratic. It was his aim to found and popularize a school of literature in New York that would correspond, in a way, with *les jeunes* of Paris. The *Criterion* was to be the organ of "the new and the bold." It was to scorn conventionality, without defying the decen-

cies. And it did. The paper was brilliantly symbolic and extremely aesthetic. It was new and bold—and, to the multitude, at least, unintelligible. The younger men coruscated along the general line of art for art's sake. Vance Thompson, Fleming, the necrophilistic and powerfully revolting artist, Huneker, the rapturous and polyphonic musical critic, Nirdlinger, the incisive dramatic critic, Charles Henry Meltzer, epileptic feuilletonist, Percival Pollard, the steel-handed and velvet-gloved fictionist and literary slater, and others were on the staff, and they made the paper interesting, provocative, unique. The paper was artistically printed and aimed at the large minority all over the country, the members of which understood the paper's relation to the new movements in art and literature in continental Europe. It stood for Ibsenism, Hauptmanism, Huysmanism, Verlaineism, George Bernard Shawism, George Mooreism. It was pungent and scornful of the dull traditions. The backing of the paper was said to have been furnished by Miss McKee of this city, daughter of the late William McKee, the founder of the *Globe-Democrat*. She was said to have guaranteed \$1000 per week for one year; and the money was spent. Well spent, too, I may say, even though it was rumored that the lady had been induced to be an angel by means of spirit-control, exercised through Mrs. Davidson. Mr. Dumay started the Criterion Independent Theatre, which presented plays of literary value, quite regardless of the question whether the people would patronize them. There were a half-dozen or more plays of the intensely modern realistic school presented and the better intellectual elements of New York were well pleased. The Philistines railed, but the work they railed at was good work. The workers were serious. They at least make people think. But the advertisers did not take to the paper. It didn't seem to them to appeal to the people who were interested in bargains or any material thing. The money continued to go out. None came in. It was inevitable that the management should bow to Pluto. It bowed, but not too low. Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, genial, portly, handsome, author of several very successful plays, and somewhat conservative, became editor, while Dumay went to congenial Paris. *Les Jeunes* fell away. The crypticisms of Thompson and Huneker, the cynicisms of Pollard, the originality of the revived obsolescences of Nirdlinger disappeared. Rupert-by-the-grace-of-God Hughes held on for a while, but one day he wrote an appreciative review of Pollard's book, "Cape of Storms," and that settled him. Mrs. Davidson dropped him. Hy Mayer, too, was dropped, though his Hebraic-toned cartoons were of great interest. The paper became stale, and the more so by reason of the fact that imitators succeeded to some of the originals I have named. Pluto grinned when there was added to this superaesthetic journal a stock-market department, edited by Henry Arthur Josephs, formerly the financial authority of *Town Topics*. Then a "woman's page" was added. The wild, bold, free, challenging artwork was succeeded by mere conventional illustration. And still the many did not appreciate. Still the advertiser held back from a paper that started out without a primal desire for business. And now the *Criterion* abandons the weekly field and becomes a monthly. In the issue for this week, the last as a weekly, Mr. Clarke, the editor, does "the swan-song act," writes a charming valedictory and sheds no unmanly tears. As the public had wanted so good a thing, there it was for them. The public did not want it, seemingly, or, at any rate, the advertising public, and there's an end. One drop of bitterness falls from a pen that commonly exudes milk and honey. Had it not been for the blanket sheet Sunday newspapers, the *Criterion* might still be expounding and exemplifying its gospel of good literature. But the trail of the yellow serpent is over all the fair prospect of art. The public taste is debauched. The advertisers are a venal, materialized, sophisticated crew. Thus the *Criterion* would seem to say, more in sorrow than in anger. The failure of the *Criterion* comes at the end of a good fight, and the discerning may see in it a real success. What the paper tried for was the good and the beautiful, even if, at times, its efforts seemed preposterously

pretentious. That we must say in simple justice. May a better fortune attend the monthly *Criterion*.

* * *

A Word Concerning Jews

"A SUBSCRIBER" writes to ask how "the fact that the managers of "Ben Hur" are Jews affects the aspect of that play from any point of view? He inquires, apropos of comment upon the matter in the MIRROR'S New York correspondence, "Is it because the managers are Jews that the play is sacrilegious? In what way does the production of the play differ from one that is produced by a non-Jew? What is the nature of the offense of those Jewish managers, as Jews? Also, in what manner do the objectionable traits of character in Mr. Belmont, the Jew, differ from these same traits in Mr. Belmont, the Christian? Surely your correspondent does not mean to imply that all that is bad in Mr. Belmont is peculiar to the Jew only. Are you the mouth-piece of a rabid anti-Semite?" Now this Jew business makes me tired. It has come to pass that a newspaper cannot call a man a Jew who is a Jew without offending those Jews whose traits are of the sort which injure the race. Why shouldn't a Jew be called a Jew if he is a Jew? If the theatrical syndicate be controlled by Jews, why not say so? "Ben Hur" is not sacrilegious because presented by Jewish managers. It is sacrilegious, if at all, because the character of Christ is used for money-making purposes. There IS irony in the fact that such a play should be presented by Jews. Jews have been persecuted for crucifying Christ. Now two Jews are making money out of the Christ idea. It is even more ironical than the circumstance of Irish names being most conspicuous in the British army reports from the Transvaal. Any one who cannot perceive the irony of the thing is just the sort of person who objects to comment upon it. It is all the more ironical because the success of the play has been achieved, by the business instinct of the Jews referred to, in coddling Christian sentimentality into support of the thing as an aid to religion, when it is only a business venture. As for Mr. Belmont, the MIRROR'S New York correspondent simply says that, "the Jew in him is a good enough guarantee that he will know how to take care of his money. The Jew's innate love of histrionics may have something to do with his advocacy of the Chicago platform." Is not the Jew, generally speaking, characterized by an ability "to take care of his money?" Do not history and contemporaneous observation prove it? Furthermore, is it not true that the Jews have "an innate love of histrionics?" I think it is true. The Jews have come to the fore in theatricals. They are a dramatic people. They are the best patrons of the theatres. Members of that race are multiplying in the actor's profession. It cannot be denied that ability "to take care of money" is a commendable trait, and "an innate love of histrionics" is not a heinous defect of character. It will be admitted by everybody that there are Jews and Jews. There are "loud" Jews and there are quiet Jews. There are Jews grasping and Jews generous. If the men who are making money by working up sloppy evangelical sentiment over a play because it advertises Christianity are Jews, why shouldn't the fact be stated? If one does not like this money-making out of religious things why should it not be stated? The Jews who are booming "Ben Hur" are not worse than Preacher Sheldon with his connivance at a scheme to use Christ as a card to boom the Topeka Capital. It is not these Jews who are condemned, so much as what they are doing. The statement that their performance is ironical in effect is not an attack upon Jews or Judaism. It is simply a fact. It is commonly understood that there is much of the Jew in Mr. Belmont. The only wrong thing about that is, that he may be ashamed of it. If he "knows how to take care of his money," he knows something many of us would like to know also. If "the Jew's innate love of histrionics" prompts Mr. Belmont's "advocacy of the Chicago platform," I cannot see that it is more reprehensible than Mr. Bryan's "innate love of histrionics." It is no more offensive to say that the Jews have "an innate love of histrionics" than to say that the French have the same thing. The MIRROR has no use for anti-Semites.

But the MIRROR is wearied by those over-sensitive Jews who think they see an insinuation, affront or insult in the mere statement that some one is a Jew. Those who object to any reference to the bad characteristics of certain conspicuous Jews, by that action would condone the disagreeable things referred to by consideration of the fact that the doers thereof are Jews. The thing for Jews to do is to repudiate those of the race who bring it into unpleasant prominence. The habit of standing up for Jews who disgrace decency as much as they disgrace Judaism, does more to make the world judge the Jews by their worst representatives than any possible amount of comment, such as appeared in the MIRROR'S New York correspondence, last week. Why should the Jews rush to the defense of the Jew book-maker, the Jewish theatrical man who promotes theatrical salacity and bad art, the Jewish incendiary, the flesh Jew? They do this. Sensible Jews know that such people deserve all condemnation and scorn, just as the sensible Irishman knows that the Irish bummer-politician deserves condemnation, just as sensible Americans know that there is no defense for the tricky Yankee. There are, as I have said, and as we all know, Jews and Jews. All kinds come into prominence. Shall we not refer to the Judaism of the Frohmans or Klaw and Erlanger or Belmont, and only allude to men like Felix Adler, Rabbi Hirsch, Isidor Strauss, Rabbi Wise, and other distinguished Jews? In my opinion, most harm is done the Jews by those people who allude fulsomely to distinguished Jews as if to imply that there is something miraculous in their distinction because they are Jews. A bad man is no worse, a good man is no better, for being a Jew. The individual is to be judged as an individual, and the mere statement of the fact of race concerning him has no more bearing upon his conduct, in most instances, than would be a statement as to the color of his hair. It serves only to describe him. There are characteristic, bad traits of Jews, as of people of other races. When an individual illustrates these bad traits, and is a public character, there is no harm in pointing out those traits. As regards the persons reference to whom is resented by my correspondent, there is no disputing the allegations made. Jews exploiting Christ theatrically, and cheaply theatrically, do make an ironical spectacle. A millionaire of Jewish antecedents, on the Chicago platform, which is a war upon property, is a piece of histrionics. And most Jews condemn such things more severely than the MIRROR would ever dare, and with better right. Over-sensitive Jews hurt the race. They themselves do the generalizing which puts the race in the false position of defending the particular instances of bad taste and bad faith, which may be alleged against individuals. Especially do they make mistakes when they object to criticisms of men who notoriously are renegades from all that is high and noble and sincere in Judaism, and retain only the baser traits which Judaism condemned long before the dawn of the new dispensation.

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About Convict Labor

'A BILL in Congress, favorably reported by the House Committee on Labor, on February 9th, provides that convict-made goods can not be sold outside the State in which they are manufactured. Governor Stephens, of Missouri, has written a letter to the members of the Missouri delegation in which he declares that if this bill should become a law it would destroy this State's present contract system. "We have 1800 men employed at the prison, for which the state receives 50c per day, which gives us an income of \$900 per day, or \$29,000 per month, or about \$325,000 per annum, which, under the enactment of this proposed law, would be lost to our taxpayers." Furthermore he says that the great bulk of the output of the factories at the Missouri prison is sold outside the State. It is the income derived from the hire of the 1800 men to the contractors that has made the prison self-sustaining. The Federal law proposed would injure the contractors. Governor Stephens makes a good plea. But the matter of convict labor is greater than the mere question of obtaining State revenue. Prison labor should not be in rivalry with free

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labor in the State where the former is employed or out of it. Prison labor is cheap labor. Its cheap products cheapen the products of free labor. The cheapening of the product of free labor, means the cheapening of free labor. Prison contractors can undersell the men and corporations that make goods by free labor. The State therefore participates in ruining profits of its citizens. It strikes at honest men's wages through the services of rogues and murderers. Prison products are not great in volume, but the low offering on the market of the smallest amount of prison-made product depresses the market for free-made goods with which the former comes into conflict. The State has no right to destroy private business, or to depress the price of free labor. It has no right to sell goods made in prisons, in its own borders, or beyond its borders. The prisoner is, in a sense, a slave, and slave labor should not be used by the State to injure its own citizens, whether they be capitalists or laborers, or to injure the manufactures or laborers of other States. We are all agreed as to that. And yet we cannot keep prisoners in idleness. It would be cruel. It would be costly. It is only common business sense that we should make our prisoners pay for their keep. We should make them useful. But how are we to do it, without putting them into competition with free labor and their product into competition with the product of men who have not been locked up for the community's good? The chief things made in penitentiaries are shoes and brooms and saddle-trees. They are made so cheaply that manufacturers outside of prison declare that the product depresses their lowest prices for like goods. The State, therefore, is a partner with the prison contractors, and gives the latter an unfair advantage over others of its citizens. Other States protest against the goods being shipped within their borders. They are right. If prison products are not good for the people in the State in which the prison is located, they are not good for people in other States. The States must find a way to use prison labor without hurting the individual manufacturers, and the free employee. The prisoner must be useful and self-sustaining. It is not possible to suggest the surest way in which this can be done. Many suggestions have been made, but all are open to the objection that no matter what the prisoners may be put to do, they must come into conflict and competition with free labor. It has been suggested that prison labor might be utilized in providing the printing and stationery for the State offices and institutions. A great deal of this is used in each state, and yet if the total amount used in all the States, were subtracted from the total output of printing and stationery in the country, it would hardly effect the printing or paper business of the country. Besides, the product would not be on the market to depress prices for the printers and the paper makers, employing or employed. Keeping up the supply would keep any ordinary State prison busy. Prison made products in the transaction of the State's business would not be degrading to the users thereof. The State's business should be done as cheaply as possible, and cheap prison labor applied solely to the State's business, should, under the best conditions, decrease taxes upon all the people of the State. Prison labor might also be employed in providing clothing for the inmates of the State's eleemosynary institutions, or even in the preparation of certain food products for such institutions. The competition with free products would be insignificant. Some concerns might lose good contracts for clothing or food, but the general business of the State would not suffer appreciably. The State would save money. The cost of government would be diminished. That would diminish taxes still further. Again, we might use our convicts in the heavy, unskilled labor of making roads, a kind of work in which they would not be in very serious competition with any great element of free labor, or with contractors. There are no other ways in which prison labor can be used with so little of interference with private enterprise, so little bad effect upon labor-prices. The manufacturers and the labor unions would, doubtless, oppose either of the proposals for State employment herein cited, but the fact is, that almost anything at which we may put convicts to

work, will bring them into competition with some form of free effort. The question seems to be the getting of the maximum of use and profit out of convicts, with a minimum of competition against free citizens. At present the penitentiaries are injuring the decent citizens, destroying private enterprise. The proposed Federal law will not help matters particularly, if the prison product be put upon the public market in any State. The product of prison labor should not be on the market at all, but it would come least upon the market in the way of rough labor on public works or in supplying State offices and institutions with materials for conducting the State's business, or in the clothing of the State's wards. In Europe the convicts are not brought into competition with free labor, but they are kept at useless work, and there is strong protest against the waste of energy, and the cruelty involved. It would seem that the best we can do with this problem is strike a compromise that will not throw the prisoners into idleness and vice and insanity, and that will not put them in the position of depreciating the labor value of free men. I am fully aware that there is nothing new in this sage conclusion, but it is the best that the wisest students of this subject have been able to reach, after thinking upon it from the time of the building of the pyramids to the present day.

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The Goose-Quill

MR. JOHN COWLEY-BROWN'S Chicago magazine, *The Goose-Quill*, has appeared. It is racy. The front cover is Denslow's pessimistic, laurel-wreathed skull, with the legend "What's the Use?" It is a bit of high, fine mordancy to use such a cover for No. 1 of Vol. 1 of a publication. It's the acme of defiance. The feature of the first issue is a powerful story by Gertrude Atherton, touching upon a bit of psychology and sexualism that is true and tragic. Lord Alfred Douglas' beautiful, strange poem, "Rejected," which Mr. Cowley Brown submitted with an appreciation in the Christmas MIRROR, also appears. Mr. Brown's salutatory remarks are of copious, scornful causticity when they are not scintillantly slaughterous. All the idols are overthrowing. The whole list of literary personages is castigated in a phraseology of vitriolic volubility, with the bitterness of Bierce and the breeziness of the late Brann of the *Iconoclast*. The first issue was decidedly interesting in spite of the fact that a fire, shortly before publication, disrupted the editorial plans and played havoc with the "forms." Some of the open attacks upon men like Stanley Waterloo and Frank Putnam are too severe to be justified, while the artistic innuendo against other writers is almost too malevolent for anything which may be called criticism. The note of the publication is a tumultuous positiveness of negation, embodied in one sentence, which evidently enthusiastically approves of Max Beerbohm's declaration that "his favorite character in fiction is God." *The Goose-Quill* is, surely, new enough to be a "go." It has a great shocking capacity. It runs amuck in most vertiginous fashion. And it makes to the mob only one concession—the printing of portraits of literary celebrities. The most generous thing in the first issue is a ballade by Ernest McGaffey. Taking the contents of No. 1 as a measure of the literary project and an indication of its general purpose, I may be pardoned for suggestion to Mr. Cowley-Brown, that if he will cling to the quill idea, it might not be inappropriate to change the name, in the next issue, to the *Porcupine*, for certainly the magazine is fretful to a degree that borders closely upon the frantic.

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Municipal Ownership

MUNICIPAL ownership is not a new thing nor a strange thing. In a recent special issue of *The Appeal to Reason*, a great socialistic newspaper published at Girard Kansas, devoted especially to municipal ownership, the showing of the extent to which public ownership of private utilities has been carried is almost startling. We learn that French cities conduct pawnshops successfully, and that the same thing is done in Spain and Germany and Italy and Argentina. We are reminded that Berlin and Paris, London, Birmingham, Manchester, New York, New Orleans, Boston and St. Louis lease markets,

most of them paying an enormous profit. In Norway the government operates the telephone in connection with the post-office and the telegraph, furnishing service indefinitely cheaper than is known under private ownership. In Austro-Hungary telephones cost only \$20 a year. In Berlin one may use the municipal telephone for one cent. Russian municipalities own their theaters. Brussels and Paris have such theaters, free on holidays. There are forty municipal theaters in Germany. Boston has given municipal concerts in municipal halls. Most cities in this country appropriate money for band concerts in the parks in summer. If they can do this, why not subsidize a theater or an opera company? Syracuse, New York, runs a municipal lodging house. In Sweden and Norway several cities control the drink traffic. The profit goes to the cities. Birmingham is about to municipalize its saloons. Switzerland owns all her distilleries. Bradford, England will run an inn through a salaried superintendent. Municipal saving banks were common in Italy and Belgium three-hundred years ago. They are operating to-day. There are over three-hundred such municipal banks in Austria. They are such banks with 6,000,000 depositors and \$600,000,000 deposits in 458 towns and cities in France. Glasgow is starting a municipal saving bank. London has public baths patronized by 3,000,000 people annually. London also has public wash-houses where the poor may, for five-cents, do the family washing. London has penny-in-the-slot machines, on the public lamp posts, that furnish warm water, tea, coffee, sugar, milk, etc. London has more than 1100 municipal lodging houses, tenements for 6,000 people at low rents. The great city owns six electric lighting plants, maintains twelve employment bureaus and has numerous playgrounds for children. London will own its street railways in 1910. Denmark cities control their milk supply. Many German cities, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Breslau, Dresden, Vienna, and Russian cities like St. Petersburg and Moscow own large tracts of agricultural land which are leased or operated by the municipalities. Paris runs a large farm for indigents who may be induced to work. Vienna seems, from the showing of its general municipalization, to be almost an ideal socialistic city. There is, in fact, hardly any business in which some cities, somewhere, have not ventured with good results. New York City runs a daily official paper. The fact would appear to be that municipal ownership is the rule and not the exception. It is plain that municipal ownership is growing steadily in the newer and younger towns in this country and making steady headway, even in the greater cities. In small cities in Australia there are municipal bakeries. Manchester, England has municipal newsstands. Valparaiso, Chili, conducts a municipal music school. Many cities in various parts of the world, furnish meals to children at school. Berlin runs a sewage farm that is beginning to supply the city markets with garden truck. Many cities own their ferries, although Boston is the only such city in the United States. At Gensbach in Germany, the city owns a forest from which the inhabitants take wood, free. Hamburg and Melbourne own docks. The statistics showing the profits of municipal water-works, gas works, electric lights are positively overpowering. The reports from all these instances of municipalization are flattering. One could expect nothing else from such a paper as the *Appeal to Reason*, but, after making all due allowance for theoretic enthusiasm, it is plainly to be seen that municipal ownership does not necessarily involve mismanagement. It is my impression, however, that by far the best examples of absolutely splendid success in municipal ownership come from the cities in countries that are not actually democratic, like our own. Municipal ownership appears to be more natural and to thrive better under paternalistic general government, where there are no changes of administration, no rotations of spoils-men, such as we see under our political system. This is not necessarily an indictment of democracy. It is a result of our lax political system. It seems that municipal ownership of public utilities in the cities of this country would be a good thing if we had not such a loose code of political morality as prevails under the spoils system. Again, it must be remembered that the "utilities" in European cities are not

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at all equal to those in our own cities. Americans abroad, know that life in foreign cities is surrounded with not one hundredth part of the conveniences and luxuries which we know in the matter of transportation and in the matter of mere householding. If we could municipalize our utilities by applying the greatest amount of ingenuity which is developed by private initiative in invention and improvement through a civil service not corrupted by politics, we should undoubtedly do well to adopt municipalization in all our cities. Speaking offhand, I should say that the paternalized cities of Europe are, perhaps, better governed than ours, but that the citizen has less of a free foot to swing and has to put up with a great deal of insolence of office with a very small amount of service equal to that which we get from individuals and corporations in this country. However, the showing made for municipal ownership must convince us that what is so satisfactory and profitable and reductive of taxes in so many places, would be a good thing if we were sure we could depend upon the character of the men who would be elected to manage public utilities under municipalization. The consolidating tendency in the privately owned public utilities can have but one end—municipal ownership. But the people will not be ready to vote for municipal ownership until they can feel assured of an honest, efficient public service. Therefore, if the people who want municipal ownership have sense they will begin properly in their campaign by putting better men in office.

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Ruskin's Romance.

WOULD that one knew everything that "Constant Reader" could ask about. There are six letters on my desk inquiring for an explanation of the mystery surrounding the late John Ruskin's graceful surrender of his wife to Millais. There have been many explanations of the event, all of them of exceedingly *sub rosa* character, all literary legends, untraceable to their source, floating in the atmosphere of the literary world. In this country, since Mr. Ruskin's death, but one man has hinted at the explanation of this romance or tragedy which was current in literary gossip at the time the event occurred. Mr. Edgar Saltus hints at the story, but that doesn't mean the story is true. It only means that Mr. Edgar Saltus likes that sort of story. There is nothing trustworthy in legitimate literature concerning the mystery. The only authoritative word we have upon the subject is found in a brief and delicate allusion to the affair in the recently issued "Life of Sir John Everett Millais," by the eminent painter's son. The reference in full is this: "On July 3rd, 1855, John Everett Millais was married to Euphemia Chalmers Gray, eldest daughter of Mr. George Gray, of Bowerswell, Perth. Miss Gray had been previously married, but that marriage had been annulled, in 1854, on grounds sanctioned equally by Church and State." That should be enough for any one to know. There was no betrayal of friendship by Millais. Mr. Ruskin never complained of either. And now that all the parties to the occurrence are dead, the explanations that may be offered by persons like Edgar Saltus are offensive, because they are, in all probability, the offspring of prurient imaginations.

Uncle Fuller.

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WORLD'S FAIR AND REFORM.

DEMAND FOR AN INDEPENDENT MOVEMENT.

ONE of the best features of our World's Fair—for now we must have the Fair—will be a well-governed city. How shall we get a well-governed city? Not, surely, from the present Republican machine. And, equally surely, not from the Democratic machine. Besides, there is no hope of Democratic success.

The regular Democratic party is even now being split. Mr. Meriwether's agitation will frighten off the property-owning Democrats. Col. Ed. Butler's assumption of leadership, after more than suspected bolting, will dampen the enthusiasm of those younger "regulars" who had hoped their work of organization would benefit themselves, would bring them into power. The opposition to the present regime, instead of getting together, is getting farther apart.

Which is equivalent to saying that the present gang can perpetuate itself in power, under Mr. Ziegenhein, or another, for four years more. And we are justified in suspecting Democratic connivance, when the splitting of the opposition begins so early. It is plain, then, that we can expect no reform from the regular parties.

Shall we submit to boss machinations, and have the city, during the World's Fair period, in the hands of political looters, headed by a Mayor who will understand and care nothing for the larger and higher interests of the city? The answer depends upon the men who are most interested in good government and in an effective and beautiful showing of the better spirit of this community.

Independent action is the solution. Let the people who want a creditable administration of local affairs, headed by a Mayor of whose greetings to the world we shall not be ashamed, get together to select such a candidate and, if need be, a whole ticket. Let these men pledge themselves not to ask offices or favors for themselves or relatives from any candidate selected. Let them gather together prepared to testify their zeal for reform by putting up money to make a campaign. Let them nominate their man for Mayor before the regular parties nominate. Then let them submit their choice to the old parties, secure in the knowledge that the party refusing him will be beaten. If both parties refuse him, make a campaign for him independently. With money to make the campaign effective, with brains to use all legitimate devices of politics, with the motive of self-interest and love for the city combined to generate energy, an independent candidate can be elected. There is no doubt about it.

The people of St. Louis are tired of both parties. The people of St. Louis want their city government to make a good showing before the world, during the Fair. They want men in office who will spend money appropriated for the Fair on the Fair. They are ready to rebuke both gangs, and to accept, support and elect any independent candidate in whose character they have confidence. The right man, independently nominated, will be taken by one party or the other, and, if not, will be supported by all the better citizens. And every citizen wants a World's Fair Mayor and Administration that will be for the city, not for the "graft."

W. M. R.

THE SHIP SUBSIDY SNAP.

AN UNNECESSARY PROJECT OF PATERNALISM.

[For the MIRROR.]

A N effort is now being made to pass a bill in Congress providing for bounties or subsidies to the American merchant-marine. It is known that Mark Hanna, C. P. Huntington, Elkins and other prominent politicians and financiers are supporting the measure, but there is little probability that any legislation of this sort will be enacted during the present session of Congress. There are more important matters than the subsidy bill engrossing the attention of the national legislature and requiring prompt and careful consideration. Besides this, great opposition has lately developed, particularly in the Northwest, against the granting of subsidies. Mr. Jas. J. Hill, the President of the Great Northern, is especially bitter in his condemnation of the pending measure, although he tacitly approves of the principle that underlies it. The Northwestern railway magnate opposes the bill for selfish reasons; he contemplates establishing a great steamship system of his own, in connection with his vast railway properties, and, therefore, wishes the provisions of the subsidy bill extended so as to cover his slow-going freight vessels. The pending bill discriminates in favor of vessels of great speed, and its passage, in the existing form, would confer little benefit on Mr. Hill and his associates.

The granting of subsidies should not be countenanced, no matter what arguments may be advanced in connection with the advantages which this class of legislation may have conferred on the merchant-marine of foreign nations. The object desired to be attained by it is certainly commendable, but is there no other way of restoring our merchant-marine to its flourishing condition and influence of fifty years ago? Everybody knows that the decline of American shipping business is due to a perpetuation of a code of navigation laws which became obsolete as soon as iron and steel were found to be more economical than wood as a material, and steam more effective than sails as a motive power. Down to a few years ago conditions were

not favorable to the growth of a modern American merchant-marine, even had there been no legal obstacle, because of the high cost of plates and other materials on this side of the Atlantic. American citizens were prohibited from buying steam and sailing vessels abroad; exceptions were made in only a few cases and then only with the express sanction of Congress. Things, so far as materials are concerned, have changed, however, since 1896.

A prominent British journal expresses itself as follows in reference to this matter: "When the war with Spain led to the withdrawal from the foreign market of nearly every American-owned steamer of any consequence, the American shipbuilders found themselves quite able to construct substitutes at a price which, if not so low as the average ruling on the Clyde, the War, and the Tyne, was still low enough to satisfy owners and return handsome profits to themselves. As a simple fact, the American ship-builders have once again found their feet. In the past year, they were working to their fullest capacity, and they have contracts on hand to keep them occupied for a long time ahead. It appears that during 1899, steel steamers of an aggregate capacity of more than 75,000 tons were launched on the seaboard, nearly the whole of which was for ocean traffic. This total, when compared with that of the United Kingdom, for the same year, looks insignificant enough, but it must be remembered that the United States is only just now taking to this particular class of work, and that in no previous year has the output been anywhere near this figure. It has been brought about without the aid of a single dollar in the way of bounty, and the inference seems to us to be, that the aid of a single dollar is really not required!"

Doles of this kind are quite a superfluity, as our native ship-builders have proved themselves equal to the task of producing a very serviceable class of vessel without any legislative encouragement whatever. If iron and steel trusts in this country should, by enhancing the prices of their products, endanger or cripple our shipbuilding industry, all that is necessary to do is to remove all barriers and allow foreign-built ships to be brought under the American flag. This would quickly bring the trusts to terms, and by keeping values down and on an equitable basis, enable our ship-building plants to compete with British builders. This is the opinion, for instance, of Mr. L. H. Spence, of the firm of Simpson, Spence & Young, New York, which operates the Arrow Line between New York and Dundee and Leith, and does a general chartering business between the United States and Europe, in connection with the Norfolk & Western and the Southern Railway, from Norfolk, Va., to London. By permitting foreign-built vessels to be registered under the American flag, great impetus would be given to the formation of companies owning vessels, and native charters would reap the enormous profits that now go to the foreign owners. Mr. Spence says: "American interests in time-charters are enormous, but we are like tenants, instead of being landlords."

The fact is often commented upon that little Norway, with her small population, has a larger foreign-going merchant-marine than the United States. Most of the Norwegian vessels are built in British ship-yards, and as the trade of the home country is not large, they engage in foreign chartering business, particularly between the United States and European ports, and make enormous profits.

The policy of "free ships" has been mainly instrumental in upbuilding the German merchant-marine. The German government allows merchants to purchase vessels, intended for foreign service, in the cheapest markets of the world. The original repair-shops have now been transformed into huge shipbuilding yards to meet the ever-increasing demands of German trade. At the present time, German ship-builders compete on equal terms with their rivals in England and Scotland. The moderate subsidies given by the Imperial Government to its shipping interests have been intended not for the builders, but for the ship merchants, for the latter, while drawing subsidies, have been permitted to purchase their ships wherever they choose. The foreign trade of Germany has grown up without any artificial stimulus, obnoxious restrictions and oppressive legislation.

A high-protective policy, including subsidies, will never redound to the benefit of our merchant-marine. Let us have "free ships," and the American flag will again be seen in every part of the world. It seems, however, that orthodox Republicans are afraid of letting down the bars, because it would conflict with the principle of trust-promoting protection.

Francis A. Huter.

The Mirror.

MIRRORINGS OF THE METROPOLIS.

(MIRROR Correspondence.)

An Unmoral Metropolis

RELIGIOUS persons of all sorts, lay and professional, are constantly making moan over the sinfulness of New York. Of some of these, it is the business; of others the diversion. In any case the town is not hell-bent without due warning from its prophets. To all of them it turns as deaf an ear as did Jerusalem of old. There is, alas! no disputing the general proposition of our iniquity, but it might be useful to inquire whether a state of sanctification be at all possible for this community. For my part—while humbly leaving the settlement of this question to more competent hands—I am strongly of a mind that it is not.

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The Molineux Hysteria

TAKE, for example, the famous Molineux case, which has just ended in the conviction of the accused man and which has been exploited by the newspapers with all the resources of sensationalism. The general feeling at the outcome of this trial is indubitably one of disappointment. Not that there is a general belief in the innocence of Molineux. By no means. Everybody admits that Molineux alone had a sufficient motive to wish to get rid of Burnet, and that Mrs. Adams innocently met her fate by taking the poison which was intended for Cornish. The public, too, is inclined to believe, with the prosecuting officer, that Mrs. Molineux furnished the motive of the whole grawsome tragedy. But the New York public is a public that reads many editions. It is a sophisticated public, whose *morale* is in great part derived from the yellow journals. Therefore it grieves because Molineux—whom it really believes guilty—was so adjudged by his jury. It makes mouths at the prosecuting officer, at the recorder, at the experts in hand-writing, at the twelve men who have rendered this verdict. And it gushes with a sympathy, which is half prurient, for the beautiful Mrs. Molineux, whom the district attorney declared (the public believing also) to have been the “cause of it all.” Mr. Osborne, the prosecuting officer, is at this moment the most unpopular man in New York. Recorder Goff is a good second. If hysteria means anything, Molineux is a public hero. The yellow press teemed with encomiums on his “perfect nerve.” His jailer is made to testify that Molineux still “sleeps like a baby,” and takes his daily exercise with no seeming thought of the electrical chair. The public looks to the court of appeals to reverse the verdict of Molineux’ jury. It writes letters to the papers impeaching the propriety of Mr. Osborne’s conduct of the case. Its perverted sympathy goes to the extreme of suggesting that the “honor of the flag” is somehow involved—because the convicted man’s father is an army veteran. It has nothing but condemnation for its own sworn officers who, in face of much overt as well as underhand opposition, and at the cost of incredible labor to themselves, have brought a murderer to justice. If the public really believed in Molineux’ innocence, all this emotionalism on his behalf might be taken as a healthy moral sign. But the plain fact is, that it does not. It believes only that Molineux should not have been convicted by the sort of evidence offered in the trial, however strong the moral presumption of his guilt. Also it believes that Blanche Molineux is very beautiful and it admires young Molineux for getting her somehow, anyhow. Take Blanche away and most of this factitious sympathy would fall to the ground. From the very beginning of this tragedy, with its obscure prologue of lust, she has been “the cause of it all.”

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Women Crushes at “Sapho”

THE current exploitation of Miss Nethersole’s “Sapho” furnishes another moral commentary in kind. It has been the subject of severe denunciation by ministers, purity associations, etc. Even Mr. Hearst’s virtuous newspaper refuses to advertise it—after giving it an advertisement beyond price. The play itself, as I said last week, is far worse than the book. Frankly, it is no more, no less, than an application of cantharides. The interest of the piece is based wholly upon sensual motives, to which Miss Nethersole’s personality lends the utmost vigor of realism. Of art there is not so much, either in Clyde Fitch’s travesty of the story or in Miss Nethersole’s portrayal of *Fanny Le Grund*. The most successful incident in the play must be credited largely to the stage carpenter, who built the spiral

staircase up which *Gaussian* carries *Sapho*. I have never seen in a theatre such a climax of sensual excitement as this incident provokes. After that the rest of the play seems but an anti-climax.

In all the discussion anent this libidinous play one curious fact has been slurred over or flatly ignored. The ministers have justly denounced “Sapho” as grossly immoral and utterly pernicious in its degradation of the home idea. No self-respecting man, they have said, would take his mother or sister or wife to witness such a performance. Yet the fact stands out that women of all ages have made up the bulk of the audiences at the most startling exhibit of dramatized indecency now on view in New York. Nor will it do to accept the opinion of one frank critic, that many of the women present “could give cards and spades to *Sapho*.” It is not difficult to mark the Tenderloin contingent, which is indeed very far from predominating in Miss Nethersole’s audiences.

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The Female “Good Fellow”

THE explanation seems to lie in the moral atmosphere of New York. The town is in truth unmoral, when and where it is not avowedly immoral. Its epicureanism in living is relieved only by its frenzy in money-getting. The fiercer the strife for wealth, the fiercer the pursuit of pleasure. Also, it must be said, the New York idea of hedonism is a very material one, not far removed from its commercialism. Rich living, dress, eating, drinking and, above all, women—there’s the whole scheme of things for the typical New Yorker. The inclusion of women by no means certifies a wholesale immorality. There is, doubtless, as much female virtue in this big town as there should be; at least, statistically. But a singular thing in New York is, that even virtuous women do not look or act so virtuously as elsewhere, which often occasions mistakes that are unpleasant. The cause of this anomaly is partly to be found in the large freedom allowed to women here, and also, perhaps, in the fact that our virtuous women know well the sort of wickedness that misleads lover and husband. Hence the perfectly proper woman, most commonly married woman, often affects a rakishness which becomes her not—if she only knew it—and which, sometimes, puts her character in perilous doubt. My own opinion is, that the woman who goes to the extreme of license in order to be called a “good fellow” by her men friends, is more of a fool than she thinks. She may demonstrate to her own satisfaction that she is temptation-proof, but, after all, her men friends will not respect her for playing with fire, and they are pretty sure to credit her with a very uneasy sort of virtue.

One sees too much of this woman in New York. She is, in fact, more offensively in evidence than her sister of the demi-monde, whose manners not infrequently seem better by comparison. The time may come—in New York, at least—when the tradition of modesty and gentle breeding shall be held only among that class of women which makes no pretense of virtue.

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The Speckled Lily

THE most important result of Mrs. Langtry’s “tea” for the Maine hospital ship fund, was the discovery, by every woman present, that the famous Lily is irredeemably *passée*. For this her sisters of the stage are almost willing to forgive her, and society to grant that measure of condonation which is due to manifest age and repentance. The tragedy of Mrs. Langtry’s age is a more veritable thing than her drama of “The Degenerates.” She has reached her grand climacteric—that saddest period in a woman’s life when other women pity, instead of hating and envying, her. “I can forgive any woman,” says Mrs. Tanqueray, “who is forty years old.” *Vanitas vanitatum!*

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McGuire of Syracuse

AMOS CUMMINGS, of this town, is mentioned as a likely running mate for Bryan. Whatever his chance of that dubious honor, no one will deny that Amos is a prince of good fellows and a newspaper man with few peers. Amos founded the *Evening Sun*, and resigned his position as editor when the late Mr. Dana threw over Cleveland. He has been a leading member of New York’s congressional delegation for several years, and his pen-pictures of contemporaries have signally illustrated the journalism of the time. Cummings talks as well as he writes—an union of qualities less rare now than formally—and has perhaps a larger personal acquaintance than any man in or out of Congress. He is a Grand Army veteran, too, which fact is

probably considered by the projectors of Mr. Bryan’s canvass. Cummings is a rattling fighter, of the Charles O’Malley pattern, and would enjoy making the run in face of certain disaster. So, by the way, would McGuire, of Syracuse, who is a hustling candidate for second place with the Nebraskan. McGuire enjoys, among other distinctions, that of being the homeliest man in New York State, but no one has yet arisen to declare that the next campaign will hinge on a question of personal pulchritude. McGuire is a brainy man and a shrewd politician, which, indeed, appears from his continuously holding office in a Republican town. As a candidate, Cummings outclasses him, but, until the dispute is settled, it will be interesting to keep an eye on McGuire.

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Teddy and the Administration

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has definitely taken himself out of question as a candidate for second place with McKinley. His abrupt manner of doing it has probably not endeared him to the national administration of his party. It was, however, sharply characteristic of the man, a bit of the Roosevelt smartness. To give out, unsolicited, a statement of his opposition to an administration measure, was the most effective and summary answer possible to the importunes, who, in the Governor’s view, were trying to make of him a tail for the McKinley kite. But there is a danger in being too smart, and the knowing ones say over-smartness has been the curse of Teddy Roosevelt. Mr. McKinley’s friends are not likely to forget this piece of pertness and petulance from the pert Governor of New York whom they were seeking to honor. But, Teddy, though over-smart, is never a fool. He has, in his own way, served notice on Platt that he proposes to succeed himself as Governor, and Platt will have to take his medicine. Two years more of the Governorship ought to bring Teddy up to the required measurements as a presidential candidate. At any rate he will, as Governor of the Empire State, occupy a position of greater power than he would as presiding officer of the United States Senate—which, it has been ventured, he would speedily turn into a house of misrule. His chance of being re-elected Governor, is definitely better than that of his being chosen with Mr. McKinley. New York is fond of Teddy Roosevelt, as of a spoiled child, and regards his vagaries with a maternal fondness. Roosevelt is, in fact, a typical, thorough-going New Yorker, and firmly believes that New York tips up the continent. All of which suggests reason enough why he should prefer standing again for the highest position in the gift of New York to sinking his identity in the canvass of Major McKinley. Yet the scoffers say that Teddy is too obviously preoccupied with the personal equation.

* * *

Mrs. Piper’s Revelations

PROF. HYSLOP, of Columbia University, has taken the world into his confidence, with regard to Mrs. Piper, the spook medium. Like Prof. James, of Harvard, he is ready to declare that Mrs. Piper’s trances “have broken down for his mind the limits of the admitted order of nature.” That a high-class education in no way safeguards a man from delusion of this sort, was tolerably well established before these eminent professors made public the story of their houssing by the clever Englishwoman. The communications with which Prof. Hyslop—and an ominous name is the Professor’s—was favored are of a childishly trivial order, indicating, it would seem, a very low mentality in the spirit world. Thus the Professor’s father asks anxiously for a little, brown-handled knife that he used to pare his nails with, and he wants to know if the garden fence had been repaired. Also he makes a touching inquiry anent a neighbor’s dog, and confesses to some anxiety over unpaid taxes—on this side, of course. And much similar abracadabra.

The surprising feature of all this mummery is that, for the most part, Prof. Hyslop’s audiences receive these astral communications in as grave a spirit as the learned Professor delivers them. The crass absurdity of the thing is totally lost upon the Professor’s hearers. Under the spell of Mrs. Piper and her distinguished convert, a penknife takes on a celestial importance. A yellow, lop-eared dog is equal to a constellation. The pettiest domestic details are charged with a supernal interest. And these are not disclosures of Bedlam, but proceedings which enlist a select audience of our intellectual set. The fearful rot which percolates through Mrs. Piper’s spiritual attachment is received with becoming awe, even when retailed at

second-hand by her erudite dupe. Everything assumes an astral significance, and the living world of ordinary horse-sense is nowhere. With Mr. Bulitude, in Besant's delightful story, the intellectual folk who subscribe to these mummeries of a catch-penny spiritualism, refuse to regard the impostures at which they assist in the light of plain reason. They confess it all looks absurd—but only to the uninitiated. To them it signifies precious spiritual acquisition and growth. Like Mr. Bulitude again, they "stand upon the solid rock."

February 15th, 1900. Michael Monahan.

* * *

FROM THE BOER CAMPS.

HOW OOM PAUL'S PEOPLE VIEW THE WAR.

AMERICANS must remember, in reading the news from the seat of war in South Africa, that all the matter that is printed in the papers comes through English channels and is highly colored. It is probable that if we read the news of the war in the French, German or Italian papers we should see the news worse colored in antipathy to England. The French papers on the South African war are very interesting. The following letter from the *Gaulois* amusingly emphasizes the contrast between the luxury of the English camp life and the simplicity of that of the Boers, as viewed by one of General Joubert's soldiers at Glencoe after the English had abandoned the camp:

"I saw the camp a week after its evacuation, but there still remained numberless proofs of the hasty manner in which this had been accomplished; each circular foss, indicating the location of a tent, was filled with those numerous objects that *Tommy Atkins*, in observance of the queen's rules, is obliged to carry in his knapsack: open razors, half-consumed boxes of preserves, socks, plates, covers, brushes and combs, pipes, harmonicas—in fact, all those little things that the English soldier regards as indispensable to his comfort, scattered about confusedly. The tents of the butler and tailor were easily recognizable by the characteristic objects of their trade remaining about.

"The camp was nearly three-quarters of a mile in length and 250 yards wide. In the center was an enormous mass of boxes containing crackers, condensed vegetables, canned meats and various provisions, as also bales of hay. There was, too, the provision-tent for the officers, with every detail that one generally finds in a well-arranged pantry, four great boxes containing dishes, even to liqueur-glasses. What say you to wine glasses on the field? It's a pretty idea, a pleasing one, truly.

"The officers of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers are gentlemen, if the pronounced love of comfort is a particular sign of this. The regiment's emblem seemed to be an elephant, and these gentlemen were, without doubt, equally occupied with the good appearance of their waiters in their mess, for I saw a certain number of claw-tailed coats with large metal buttons bearing the emblem of the elephant in relief."

Here are some passages from a letter to the *Matin*. The letter was written by an American volunteer in Joubert's Army, and gives some interesting figures relative to the number of the opposing forces, as well as indicates the spirit that pervades the camp of the Dutch republicans.

"General Joubert is an old fox, who understands his affair admirably. He is never willing to run any chances; certainty is a necessity for him. There is nothing he detests more than intricate plans or, so-called, great military tactics. He always refuses to allow us to execute cavalry-charges or attack fortified places. He says we can leave that to the English. The consequence is that we lose one man where they lose five.

"The English artillery is good; nevertheless, their cannon are inferior to ours in carrying power. The cavalry is far better than ours, from all points of view. We are now strongly entrenched around Ladysmith, and guard all the fords of the Tugela, besides, we have a certain number of commanders all over Natal, whose only duty is to harass the enemy.

"We hold White and his ten thousand men carefully blockaded in Ladysmith and not so much as a rabbit will be allowed to escape. The city is in a hollow, and the hills surrounding it, that are in our hands, are transformed into veritable fortresses; from time to time, we bombard

the place, just so we shan't lose the habit of it; but it is upon disease, thirst and hunger, that we rely for taking the garrison. Ladysmith in itself, considered from a strategic point of view, has no great importance, but the arms and munitions, contained therein, amount to considerable. White cannot move from there, and the heat, dust, rain, dirt and anxiety are our natural allies.

"Moreover, our forces augment every day. If the troops we have on foot now, those that are concentrated about Pretoria, and the reinforcements that have come to us from Europe and America in the last two months, are counted together, the total amounts to more than 100,000 men. We have, besides, allies and scouts everywhere, at the Cape as at Durban, and we know definitely everything that takes place in the English army, or that is premeditated. We even receive the English journals and read therein the accounts of the battles, with much interest. We are not disquieted concerning the future, because we have our mountains behind us that protect us, and the day that the English come there to seek us, they will require more than a quarter of a million men.

"And then, again, who knows how many recruits we shall have received by that time? Last Monday 50 men arrived together, from the United States. All of them had served in the American army, and most of them had been either at Cuba or at the Philippines; they came from New York and Chicago. We know others will follow.

"I tell you this: John Bull will have to take off his vest before he gets through with us, and even then he will find it is no picnic to eat us."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.

BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT VS. ROMANTIC LOVE.

THERE are some interesting views in an article in the London *Saturday Review* upon the different manners in which different races view marriage. In taking the matter up, the contrast is naturally made between the English and the French views or theories, and it need hardly be said that the English view of marriage is practically the American view. Many good people believe that the chief cause of divorce in this country is romantic marriage, with its thoughtlessness and haste. They would try the French business-like system of marriage. But divorce increases in France, too.

Our principle, which regulates sentiment and conduct, too, to some extent, is that in order to render marriage a happy union—indeed we may say in order to render it a moral union—it must be preceded by some romantic, or at all events by some special, affection between the two persons who are parties to it. Marriages prompted wholly, or principally, by prudence, ambition, or convenience, are, amongst ourselves as elsewhere, no doubt common enough; but their true character is never publicly acknowledged. They are practically condoned; they are not theoretically approved of; and the general feeling of all classes of the community demands that they should, in order to make them decent, be draped with some fiction of attachment, though attachment may be quite wanting. That such is the case is proved by the whole body of our imaginative literature, and by almost every play that is put on the English stage. Novelists and dramatists alike assume in their readers or their audiences a belief that love is essential as an antecedent condition to any marriage that is not a tragedy or a sacrilege; and a large proportion of our most successful novels and plays, in the absence of this belief, would become very nearly meaningless.

In France, on the other hand, affection, as an antecedent to marriage, is generally disregarded. Marriages are generally arranged not by the principals but by their relations. To the average Englishman this practice is shocking; and he is accustomed to emphasize his condemnation of it by pointing to the frequency, in France, of *liaisons* after marriage, which he looks on as its horrible, though strictly natural, consequence. French novels and plays seem to illustrate the truth of this. English literature makes love the foundation of marriage. French literature treats love as a defiance of marriage.

There is much to be said on both sides, if we drop national prejudice. Each view might be healthier and truer to facts if modified by the other. It is pointed out that no sane Frenchman, any more than any sane Englishman, looks on marriage solely as an institution for the settle-

ment and devolution of property, the rearing, education and legitimizing of children. The Frenchman believes marriage should be a happy companionship, and happiness cannot be independent of some form of affection. The Englishman thinks that an exalted emotion should precede marriage. The Frenchman thinks that in nine cases out of ten an affection sufficient for happiness is likely to arise out of it. So that the viewpoints are not so far apart after all.

As the *Saturday Review* goes on to say, the question at issue is not a moral question at all. It is one for the observer of human nature. "What, as a matter of fact, men and women being what they are, tends most to produce happy, married companionship? Some exalted, some romantic, some special attachment before marriage; or the occupations and interests, which arise, in favorable circumstances, out of marriage?" Plainly, no general answer is possible. Much depends on temperament. The exceptions are so numerous as to discredit any rule. Many love-marriages result in misery. Many marriages of convenience are happy. The way to get at a philosophy of this question is to consider the case of the average man or woman, and if we do that we shall find that "both views are equally false, and also equally true; each contains a truth which the other ignores; and the truth in each is rendered practically false by exaggeration."

The English and American theory of marriage is put forth in its highest form in English love-poetry, also in the popular proverb, "Marriages are made in heaven." "This theory resolves itself," says the *Saturday Review*, "into two propositions. One is that the affection which is essential to happiness in marriage is identical with, or can only arise out of, an absorbing love which exalts and idealizes its object, and raises those who feel it into some sublime, if temporary, paradise. The other proposition is that love of this absorbing kind can be excited in each person, not, perhaps, by some one other person only—though many enthusiasts will gravely maintain this—but, at all events, by very few; the chances of life being that each man and woman will meet only one of his or her affinities, though a dozen may perhaps exist. Of both these views one of the most impassioned exponents is Browning. In one of his poems he represents a man and a woman who, in early life, were in love with each other, but owing to their poverty, had not courage to marry. In later life they came across one another, having both grown rich and famous; but both feel that their opportunity of true happiness has been missed.

'This thing might have been but once,
And we missed it—lost forever.'

"The whole philosophy of English sentiment as to marriage is summed up here. True married happiness flowers only from the exalted passion. The exalted passion is possible only once in a lifetime, when the two personalities predestined for each other are allowed by Providence to meet."

"Now is this view of love and happiness true, so far as it applies to the ordinary man and woman? The facts are against it. (And here's where the *Saturday Review* runs amuck among all the traditions.) Instead of saying that there is only one woman, amongst those whom the average man is at all likely to meet, for whom he will be capable of feeling true affection, it would be far truer to say that of all these women—it must be assumed—that we refer to those of marriageable age only—there is only a certain percentage for whom he might not feel it. Instead of saying that he could love only one in a thousand, it would be far truer to say that he could love five out of every twenty. Affection depends on many things—on looks, and especially on temperament; and luckily what pleases one man does not please all; but out of every twenty girls whom the average young man meets, there will probably be five, any one of whom would be sufficiently pleasing in appearance, and sufficiently congenial in temperament, to rouse his affection, if he were thrown constantly in her society; and human nature is such that, when affection once begins, the parties to it acquire gradually a special suitability to each other, far beyond what they possessed, when the affection first developed itself. One of the great errors of the English philosophy of love is that, in this respect, it puts the cart before the horse, and makes this special suitability the cause of affection, rather than its consequence. Another of its errors is that it regards the vehemence of affection before marriage as the index of its genuineness, and of the probability that it will last and bring happiness. All close

The Mirror.

observation of life will make us acknowledge regretfully that this is not the case. The most sudden, the most passionate, the most imaginative forms of affection, beautiful and intoxicating though they doubtless are whilst they last, are not those that are likely to last longest.

"But whilst these errors in the English theory of marriage are doubtless responsible for much matrimonial unhappiness, the French view errs equally, in a precisely opposite way. If the English theory is wrong in not recognizing the fact that a young man could fall in love with any one of five girls out of twenty, the French theory is wrong in assuming that there are only five girls out of twenty with whom he could not fall in love, if it were desirable that he should marry one of them. The English theory makes the conditions of affection too rare; the French theory makes them too common. The English theory exaggerates their independence of circumstances; the French theory exaggerates its dependence on them. Exceptional natures will, no doubt, find in love a happiness which adverse circumstances cannot destroy, and for the loss of which the most favorable circumstances would not make amends. But the affection and happiness of average men and women are less able to stand alone. They are more likely, indeed they are certain, to be injured by an environment that does not suit them. The French theory of marriage, though it shocks our English sentiment, is valuable because it insists on this homely and indubitable fact. If it disregards human nature in one respect, it does greater justice to it in another respect, than does ours. It assumes that a man and a woman of presumably suitable age, when placed together in circumstances suitable to their position in life, when united by common interests, and provided with common opportunities, are more likely to develop an affection for each other than an antipathy; and in spite of all the matrimonial scandals which form the stock-in-trade of the modern Parisian novelist, there is no doubt that this French theory is largely justified by the result."

A NIGHTMARE.

Translated from the French of Th. Toppy, for the MIRROR, by A. Lenalie.

I was dead! A gray, cloudy, dense atmosphere enveloped me. Was it near daybreak, or nightfall? I could not tell. It was a twilight haze. I seemed, too, to be in a desert; shadow and silence everywhere about me.

Who had brought, and laid me on a rock, in the midst of a sandy desert? Who had stripped me of my clothes and thrown me, naked, in this vast solitude?

I knew naught of it; I tried in vain to remember. "O, friends of the earth," I cried, "what, then, has become of you?"

I thought someone laughed behind me, and turned to see. An obscure form, that of a dark spectre, was standing a few feet back of me.

"Who are you?" I asked of the phantom.

The voice of the shade replied: "I watch."

I shivered.

"And what do you wish of me?" I added feebly.

"To give you the reward of your good acts, and oblige you to make reparation for your evil ones."

The spectre then approached, handing me a small bag, and said: "You will find in this sack some white feathers. Each of them represents one of your good actions."

"And what shall I do with them?"

"Listen! The evil that you have done in life will be reborn. All those whom you have harmed will come to you and demand a portion of your body. You will obtain absolution for each bad act by giving one of your white feathers in exchange. Each portion of your body thus spared can never be attacked. I hope, for your sake, that you have done more good than ill."

And while the spectre yet spoke, I saw more shades gather around, with human visages.

And one of them hastening to my side, I recognized a young man, once my friend in life. And this old friend said: "Many times have I obliged you in former days, but you never returned me aught but ingratitude. And when I became poverty-stricken you feigned not to know me."

He spoke truly. The past came up before me. I had, indeed, been an utter ingrate. He continued: "I shall punish you. I will have your eyes."

He extended his hands for them.

I quickly plunged mine into the bag that I had opened,

and drew therefrom a white feather, that flew into the hands of him who sought to deprive me of my eyesight. This friend of former days disappeared.

Another shadow approached.

"Knaves," said he, "recognize me! You it was who once caused me to lose a good situation. You wished the place I occupied, for yourself, and did not hesitate to calumniate me in order to arrive at that end."

This was also true. This page of my life presented itself before me in all its details.

"What do you wish of me?" I asked of him whom I had betrayed?

"Your ears, miserable creature! I will have them, and am going to cut them off your head." So saying, he brandished an enormous pair of scissors over me.

I hastily drew another feather from the bag. And he disappeared, as had the former accusing ghost.

Then a third appeared, and, in his turn, gave me merited reproach. "I want your teeth," he cried, waving his forceps. I saved my teeth by presenting him the third feather.

Other phantoms came, and revived other evil or indelicate acts of my terrestrial existence. One demanded my hair, another my tongue, and yet another my lips and cheeks. And at each accusation, followed by a menace, I withdrew a white feather and gave it to my victim, who disappeared with it, into the mist whence he came.

Thus I had saved my head . . . intact.

I began to feel reassured, when, raising my eyes, I perceived still other threatening phantoms approaching.

"Come on!" I cried. "Approach quickly. Tell me, what more I have done! I am anxious to see you all disappear!" And I sought to prepare myself in advance with a protecting feather.

O horror! the bag was empty!

The number of my good acts did not equal my evil ones.

I shivered with terror.

And as a spectre with hideous visage and clenched hands drew near I turned towards him who acted as guard over us and implored grace and pity.

But he remained impassible.

The phantom forced me to give attention and said sneeringly: "Ah! Ah! well I knew I would find you again some day, you wretched sneak! Look at me! I am your former landlord. It was you who left my lodgings owing three months' rent. You, who, after rendering the concierge stupid with drink, cleared out, leaving only some broken bottles and a faience vase. Do you remember me?"

"Alas, yes," I murmured. "You are Monsieur Vantour. I humbly ask your pardon for . . ."

He interrupted me: "Shut up, loafer! I only wish I could take your head! But you've had the good luck to save that. At least your body has not been paid for. I'll cut off your right arm." He raised aloft a sharp hatchet.

Terrified, I tried to hide my arm behind me, but it was impossible. An indefinable force held me motionless to the earth. The hatchet whizzed through the air, fell, and my right arm was dismembered. I felt only a slight pain, less far than the regret I felt in seeing my former landlord disappear, with a bit of my body that might still have been sufficiently useful to me.

"And do you recognize me?" said another spectre? "Look, here are the notes you signed and never paid . . . And here are the papers that accompanied them! The protests . . . I lost money on account of you. Now I will revenge myself."

He seized the hatchet that the landlord had forgotten, and, with one sharp blow, severed my left arm. Picking it up, he fled with it. I began to groan, not from the pain, but from thinking that I must remain eternally armless. Then there came near to me a little old woman with flashing, gray eyes.

I recognized her. It was my mother-in-law. A cold perspiration seized me.

I regarded with agony the bloody hatchet resting near my two legs, that still remained intact.

"Yes, yes, it's I," she said in her shrill voice. . . . "I, you worthless fellow! Ah! You don't seem so arrogant and insolent just now! You can no longer torture my poor daughter, you murderer . . . Nor kill me with your stupidities, you brigand! . . . Do you recall all the epithets you heaped on me. 'Harpy,' 'old bobbin,' 'sharp bones,' 'cabbage-head,' 'telephone-bell'—and more than I remem-

ber. . . . Now, then, wait till I avenge myself by cutting off the two members of your body that are left and then I'll disembowel you!" She seized the fatal hatchet. But the guardian spectre interposed.

"Do not touch this man," said he, "but go!"

"What! have I not the right to avenge myself upon him, who is my son-in-law?"

It is because of that, that I am opposed to your vengeance."

"O, for instance!"

"Exactly . . . the word is well chosen . . . there never was an instance of a mother-in-law being the victim of her son-in-law; it is always the contrary that happens. . . So, get away from here!"

Swayed by some irresistible power, the old woman retreated and disappeared, but not without still menacing me with her sharp finger-nails, and hideous, great mouth where the few teeth displayed, seemed extended to tear my flesh.

Four shadows, only, remained hovering about me. One of them, the largest, now advanced.

"It was you," it said, "who abused my confidence by making me buy worthless stocks, because that gave you good brokerage returns . . . You were the cause of my ruin. You have two legs left. One belongs to me."

And my right leg went as had my right arm.

Hardly had this bitter client disappeared, when I saw one of the three remaining shades advance, the smallest of them all.

And this phantom,—a woman,—held, clasped tightly to her bosom, a child, a little girl, blonde, pretty and graceful as possible. The child was called Eva, the mother's name was Noëmi. A sweet creature that I had loved . . . once.

"This is my daughter," said Noëmi, showing me the smiling child. "She is yours, too. You abandoned us both . . . to marry for money. Think of it . . . I have suffered grievously . . . I loved you so much! . . . I have done all I can to shield my little Eva from want . . . worked through the long nights, until at last, my child and myself were taken to a hospital."

"Oh, forgive me, Noëmi, I have acted infamously towards you, I know it . . . I am, indeed, guilty! I do not merit your pity . . . Avenge yourself! You have the right. . . Take from me the limb that remains."

"I have suffered too much to wish you any harm . . . I pardon you."

"Noëmi, Noëmi," cried I, "leave me the child you bore . . . give me my daughter!"

"That cannot be . . . She does not belong to the one who abandoned her."

"For pity, in the name of the love you cherished for me, lay the child near me . . . that she may give me one caress . . . so that she will not curse me."

Noëmi, with her spectral arms, held the blonde child near me, and I felt a little head against my heart, while a sweet voice babbled, "Papa, my dear papa."

The mother raised the little one, clasped her again to her heart, and both disappeared.

Then, in my breast, where the rosy cheeks of little Eva had lain, there grew a horrible anguish, and it seemed to me that an invisible hand was crushing my heart.

A deep, angry gash appeared, and from it flowed waves of blood. I suffered as though a red-hot iron cauterized me. In vain I sought to close the wound. Alas! I had no hands. And when all my heart's blood had poured forth I still suffered from that anguish called remorse. Little cared I now, what the other phantoms that awaited me, might say or do; the sensitive fibres of my being were crushed.

"Come," I said, to the remaining two. To which invitation one responded by approaching. I recognized a man who, on earth, had differed from me in opinions.

"Here I am," said he, "I — your political opponent. You took my place in the municipal council, and you were the winner on all sides,—but by means and processes that were infamous. You denounced me as an unworthy citizen, a robber and a forger. You fastened the slime and calumny on my whole family. You treated me like a knave, a traitor, a scoundrel. I shall repay you for your infamous conduct. You have one leg left; I will take it."

I turned towards the guard and said: "All that which this man accuses me of, he, too, has done. He covered me with libellous accusations, drew down the hate and contempt of the crowd upon me. . . . He continued to insult me, even after the election. Why should he have the

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right to torture me? Why should he, who is as guilty as I, remain unharmed?

"He is not yet judged" said the guardian. "His turn will come."

A flash of steel. It was the hatchet that descended, and my left leg was severed. My political antagonist disappeared.

Then came the last phantom to gloat over what remained of my body.

This one was veiled.

"Who, then, are you?" I demanded. "Make yourself known and speak!"

The cloth that had concealed the face was raised.

"My wife!" I cried. "My legitimate partner!"

"Yes, dearie, myself!" replied the phantom.

"What have you to reproach me with?"

"Your infidelities."

"How! Why I have been a model of husbands. It is you, on the contrary, who have been unkind, capricious and tyrannical, though faithful."

"Don't try to equivocate, poor man, for I can confront you with everything. See this album I have in my hands, it contains the portraits of all the women who have had a weakness for you—and for whom you have committed stupidities. Look! That is Philaminte, a gross, red-faced creature, and a florist, of whom you were wont to purchase violets for me. They cost dearly, these violets, did they not? It is true you paid for them with the income of my marriage portion. Look at this long pole, whose hair resembles a skein of flax! That was an English woman—and taught you how to reckon in shillings. She replaced Philaminte. A broomstick after a ball! Doubtless you wanted to know the difference between length and thickness. Now, this is Dorothy, my boarding-school friend, she whom you detested and so ridiculed because she had false teeth. You assured yourself on that point, I suppose? And here is Martine, she who appeared so stupid. This other is Yolande, the beauty, who wore a five-and-a-half shoe. Eléonore, who dressed so badly, and Pulchérie, the beer-drinker. And this one, Zoé, the yellow-skinned

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They are called Steamer Rugs, but are equally useful for couch covers, golf capes and carriage robes. We have just received a great lot of these Rugs and hasten to call the attention of prospective European travelers to them. Some of the Rugs have both sides plaid, others plain on one side, others plaid. We made special effort to have the historical Scotch clans represented—the Macbeths and Macduffs, the Stuarts and the Logans, and the rest of the celebrities—prices,

\$2.98 to \$9.50 each

P. D. CORSETS

AT HALF PRICE.

Shapely, splendidly made, strong, flexible, perfect fitting—Corsets for comfort, good form and perfect appearance. Closing out two small lots.

\$4.50 Corsets—French Coutill, new short waist, gored hip, lace trimmed top and bottom—white only—sizes 18, 20 and 22, for **\$2.25**

\$5.00 Corsets—Extra long waist, French Coutill, gored hip, white and drab, lace trimmed top and silk flossed, sizes 19, 21, 23 and 25, for **\$2.50**

"There is no more blood in it."

"Is this possible?" cried the phantom of my wife, bending over me? "Oh! miserable coward! you must indeed have been guilty, that you are reduced to the state in which I find you! But, no! It cannot be so written that I must leave you, frustrated of my vengeance."

And she raised the hatchet over my poor, mutilated trunk, intently regarding me. Suddenly, a satanic smile lighted up her countenance. I saw the ax descend to cut me in twain. I screamed—and, I awoke!

My wife, who slept beside me, was awakened by my scream, and, raising herself on her elbow, said: "What is it? What has happened? Are you ill, my dearie?"

* * * *

HOW PARIS DOES IT.

NO less than sixty million admissions are expected by the board of managers of the forthcoming Paris Exposition. The estimate nearly doubles the statistics of the last exposition, but there is all confidence that it will not prove too large. This fact is shown by the demand for the bonds issued in aid of the fair. Thirteen million dollars is being secured by the sale of the bonds—about one-half the cost of the exposition—and each bond for twenty francs carries twenty coupons, every coupon an admission ticket. Sixty-five million tickets are thus placed in the hands of purchasers, who must use or sell them to realize on their investment. To encourage investors there is a lottery connected with the bond issue, which will distribute five prizes of \$100,000 each and twenty-four prizes of \$20,000 each. There is no hesitation among the leading banks in assisting the disposal of the bonds. It is a patriotic impulse. Paris has been liberal in its aid. Appropriations by the municipality amount to three-quarters of a million dollars, and one-third of this will be devoted to the city pavilion on the exposition grounds. The returns must be large, if they appear in proportion to the outlay, and Paris has no anxiety concerning the substantial rewards.

New Pulley Belts

AND THE NEW

"Edna May" Belt,

both particularly pretty, and quite as becoming and decorative as the most fastidious girl of fashion could wish, are both here. The "Pulley" belt comes in leather and satin, and the "Edna May," for which we hold the exclusive agency for St. Louis for the next sixty days, is made of all-silk elastic, with four beautiful medallions in either gilt or oxidized metal, each one being an exact representation of the well-known features of the popular actress.

Both belts are extremely popular east, and are bound to find favor among St. Louis ladies.

Prices—Pulley Belts,
75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50

The "Edna May" = = **\$1.50**

Ladies should see them. They're on view in our leather goods department.

SOCIETY.

Mermad & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Miss Amy Chandler has gone to Boston, to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKittrick Jone are in Old Mexico.

Mrs. Updike and Miss Emma Updike sail shortly for Europe.

The Imperial Club gave their dance on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Anderson Gratz has gone on to New York to join her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Goltra are going down to Mardi Gras, the last of the week.

Miss Clara Brown, of Jacksonville, Ills., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed. Goltra.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth W. Cobb, and Miss Josephine Cobb are in Washington City.

Miss Ariadne Bowman gave a progressive euchre party last evening to Miss Carr of Denver.

Mrs. James Bannerman celebrated her birthday last Saturday, by a luncheon to a dozen ladies.

Mrs. F. B. Johnson, of Hayes City, Kas., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Smith, of Lindell Boulevard.

Mrs. Charless Cabanne gave a very pretty card party on Saturday evening, to Miss Martha Hutchinson.

Mr. Thomas H. West and her two daughters, Misses Carroll and Florence, are touring Old Mexico.

Miss Fanny McPheeters has gone to San Antonio with her sister, Mrs. Meade Robinson, of Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. E. H. Semple, of Westminster Place, gives a reception on Saturday evening to Miss Marie Brema.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowe will entertain their progressive euchre club Saturday evening, at the Mercantile Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scullin and Miss Lenore Scullin will leave here the first of March for Pasadena, Florida.

Mrs. William Conrad, of Delmar Boulevard, gave two euchre parties last week on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. John Ockerson and Mrs. Margaret Beach will give one of their series of small and informal receptions this afternoon.

Miss Mary Cobb, of Massachusetts, who has been visiting friends here, has gone to St. Joseph with Mrs. Ed. Bernard, for a short stay.

Miss Susan Larkin Thomson left, on Tuesday, with Mr. and Mrs. George Mepham and Miss Beatrice Lodge, for Europe, to be absent several months.

Mrs. Boogher, of Westminster Place, and her daughter, Miss Martha Boogher, gave a dinner on Tuesday evening to their guest, Miss Gray, of Mississippi.

This evening Mrs. P. J. Cunningham gives a cotillion to her two daughters, Misses Grace and Katherine Cunningham, which will terminate with a battle of confetti.

Miss Lillian Bell, the distinguished writer, will give a reading from her own works, on Friday evening, Feb. 23d, at Y. M. C. A. Hall, in aid of the Baptist Orphan's Home.

This afternoon Mrs. A. C. Cassidy gives a beautiful Colonial tea, assisted by Misses Christine and Julia Eno, Lucille Overstolz, Marie Bauduy, Lucy Hutchinson and Gertrude Rockwood.

Miss Marie Hayes gives a children's party this evening, in honor of Miss Maude Devereux, her guest. All the young ladies and men invited are expected to come dressed as children.

Miss Lucille Nave has returned to St.

Joseph, Mo., after visiting Mrs. Max Kotany A great many entertainments were given in her honor, among them a dinner dance at the Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. Kotany.

The wedding of Miss Geraldine Dillon and Dr. R. T. Bond, of New Orleans, will take place March 19, when the bridesmaids will be: Miss Virginia Sanford, maid of honor, Miss Clara Bain, Lucy Hutchinson and Ethel Goddard.

Mrs. J. J. Broderick entertained the Rubinstein Club, Thursday evening. The programme was fine and there was an audience of about 600 ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Broderick and her son received the guests in the Turkish room, the hostess wearing a gown of black over white satin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoyle and their daughter, Miss Mary Hoyle, gave an elegant reception Tuesday evening to Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond. After the reception there was a dance for the young people. Mrs. Hammond, who is a beautiful woman and like her sister Mrs. Hoyle, wore an exquisite evening gown fresh from the ateliers of a French artiste.

Beautiful inspiring chimes. A new line of hall clocks with chimes which are handsomer and lower in price than ever, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

Mrs. Luada Cole is giving a series of harp recitals through the State, and is meeting with a veritable success, both artistic and social. On Tuesday evening she played at Sedalia, under the patronage of the society leaders of the city, and rendered a difficult programme most acceptably. Next week Mrs. Cole plays in Jefferson City, and early in Lent she will give a recital in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom gave a brilliant reception, last Saturday evening to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their wedding and this was followed by a dance for their son, Mr. Dwight Blossom, to which the swell younger set were invited, the dance beginning at half past two o'clock, when the reception ended. Mrs. Blossom was dressed like a bride in a white brocade satin, trimmed with deep flounces of point lace. Captain and Mrs. C. D. Blossom were also in the receiving party. In the afternoon, from three to five o'clock, Mrs. Blossom gave another reception to ladies only, from three to five o'clock, when she wore a costume of delicate blue moire trimmed in panne velvet, with an underdress of silver spangled net.

Mrs. S. S. Blackwell, of 4202 Lindell Boulevard gave, last Thursday, one of the swellest affairs of the season. This was a genuine *déjeuner à la fourchette*, from one to three o'clock, in honor of Miss Geraldine Dillon, who is to be married on March 19th to Mr. Bond, of New Orleans. Over one-hundred elegantly gowned women were present. The salon was adorned with white Roman hyacinths and pink roses and here Mrs. Blackwell received her guests, assisted by Mrs. Valle Reyburn and Miss Dillon.

The hostess wore an elegant gown of real black thread lace over grey satin and the guest of honor, Miss Dillon, was gowned in a Worth creation of grey crepe and chiffon. Mrs. Reyburn wore brown and pink crepe chiffon. Among the guests were, Mesdames Shreve Carter, Mary Polk Winn, Randolph Hutchinson, Wm. H. Thomson, Ezra Linley, Ben. O'Fallon, John Scullin, Steve Von Phul, George A. Madill, Lindell Gordon, Louis Hayward, Hunt Turner, H. N. Spencer, Lewis Bailey, Theodore Foster, Paul Bakewell, Misses Agnes Delafield, Lucy Hutchinson, Virginia Sanford, Isabel Belcher, Ellen Walsh, Lenore Scullin, Alby Watson, Sallie Walsh, Miss Carr of Denver.



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A New Line of Hall Clocks,

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THE MECHANICS' BANK,

Fourth and Pine Streets.

Capital,	=	=	=	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus,	=	=	=	\$500,000.00

We solicit the accounts of ladies, for whom a reception room with all conveniences is provided.

Some unusually handsome skirts are being turned out by the tailoring department of one of our large shops. One of the most striking of the late ones is a gray cloth with two inward turning box-pleats, which are left unstitched from half way between the knee and hem, to the hem of the skirt, giving the desirable flaring effect especially in movement. The skirt was handsomely braided. Another striking skirt, even more graceful in effect, has a series of darts, starting about a foot above the hem and graduating in to fit the figure about the waist and hips. The skirt is very close-fitting and is finished by a box-pleat in the back. These skirts are prettiest when the lifting of them discloses that the wearer also wears pretty, neat, comfortable shoes. Swope's is the place to get such shoes. Best in all the excellences of bestitude—fit, finish, form, price. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Miss J. I. Lea,
Scalp Treatment,
304 Century Building.
• • •

THACKERAY IN INDIA.

Sir William Wilson Hunter was one of the first of those who added materially to the Thackerayana which has such an increasing vogue. Much has been written of Thackeray's birth in Calcutta, and his early journey to England to be educated, but even Mrs. Ritchie does not give much information of the part taken by the great novelist's forbears in building up what is now the great Indian Empire. Though Thackeray came to England a boy of six, he retained impressions all his life that must have been received in his infancy. "Those boys of William" (the novelist's father) will be

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Balmer & Weber's
908 OLIVE ST.,
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Latest Popular Music. Terms Moderate.

clever," said his brother, and wisely he spoke, of at least one of them.

Every page of Sir W. Hunter's book is interesting, and it is unfair to the reader to deprive him of the great pleasure of reading it uninformed by any lengthier quotation.

This book, beautifully produced by the Oxford University Press, and sold at \$1.25, is specially offered at 75 cents this week by the Grand Leader.

• • •
Best Watches—Mermad & Jaccard's.

SOCIETY.

Mermode & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Lewis McCall also gave a very pretty Valentine luncheon, where everything on the table, in the way of decorations was heart shaped and the guest cards, also in the shape of hearts, were pinned with small silver heart pins.

The recent announcement of Miss Isabel Chenier's engagement to Mr. Thomas Haley, of the Peacock Chemical Co., has caused a pleasant ripple in society, as the young people had guarded their secret very closely. The wedding will come off soon after Easter.

Diamonds at old prices. The big raise in price of diamonds found us with an immense lot of loose diamonds which we are selling at the old prices. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

Mrs. Ben Gray's valentine luncheon, in honor of her cousin, Miss Mimi Filley, who sailed for Europe yesterday, to join her mother in England, was a very handsome and elaborate affair, about sixty guests being present. Mrs. John Donegho, of La Plata, Mo., who is a guest of Mrs. Gray, was present, as were also Mrs. Ashley D. Cabell, and Mrs. Thomas Skinker. The other guests were all young people, friends of Miss Filley, who had entertained her during her visit to St. Louis. They were: Mrs. James O'Fallon, Misses Carrie Howard, Clara Brown, Mabel Filley, Louise Filley, Nellie Richards, Edith January, May Scott, Barbara Blackman, Alice McBlair, Martha Hutchinson, Christine Orrick, Florence Orrick, Marian Lindsay, Mary Semple Scott, Isabel Belcher, Carrie Cook, Edna Gamble, Rena Galt, Lena Boyle, Elsie Ford, Isabel Skinker, Bertha Skinker, Genevieve Knapp.

Mrs. John T. Davis gave a dinner last Friday evening to Miss Mimi Filley. The guests were, Misses Mimi Filley, Mabel Filley, Sidney Boyd, Barbara Blackman, May Scott, Messrs. Ed. Filley, Walter McKittrick, Philip Scanlan, Edgar Lackland, Harold Kauffman and Sam Davis.

As the last of the winter gaieties will terminate soon in the sombre Lenten season every one seems to be trying to get in all of their entertainments beforehand. Last week St. Valentine's day was especially marked by a number of very pretty and appropriate parties. Chief among these was Mrs. Wm. H. Thomson's Valentine dance to her three daughters, Miss Nan, Susan Larkin and May Thomson. Several novel and pretty features were introduced. Master Hayward Niedringhaus dressed as Cupid, in pink silk tights and white satin tunic, dispensed arrows to all the guests from a well laden quiver and these were used to shoot at a painted Cupid on one of the portières of the library. The prizes for the best shots were beautiful valentines. After this display of archery came a cobweb party, the cobwebs being unwound by the gentleman who found invariably a pretty girl at the end with a paper and pencil, with which the man was expected to indite a valentine in honor of the young lady. When this was accomplished, the two waltzed off together and exchanged their favors, the man giving his silver heart for the girls bow and arrow.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall will open Monday night, at the Olympic, in "The Elder Miss Blossom." There will be but one matinee, Saturday afternoon.

Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" will open at the Century, Sunday night next. It was staged by James A. Hearne. Wilton Lackaye has a part that calls back his Svengali powers. Gus Weinberg has a good role to delight his St. Louis friends. William Norris and Rosabel Morrison have feature parts. The other principal members of the cast are: Guy Bates Post, Adolphe Lestina, Gus Frankel, Emile Hoch, Henry Dolan, Fred Lotto, Mme. Cottrelly, Ada Dwyer, Mabel Taliaferro, the child actress, Laura Almosino, Ada Curry, Louise Mildener and Alice Evans.

Next week at Music Hall, "Traviata." The cast will embrace a new tenor, Mr. Alfred Foran and also Mr. Barron Berthold, who will appear in alternation as Alfredo. The role of Violetta will be taken by Miss Yvonne de Treville and Miss Adelaide Norwood, while Messrs. W. W. Hinshaw and Harry Luckstone will sing the role of Germont. Mr. F. Belcher and Miss Della Niven and others of strength will be numbered in the cast. Following "Traviata" will come "Trovatore," by request.

After an excellent "Faust" week at Hopkins', in which Miss Evesson won much favor, there will follow next week the crackling comedy, "My Friend From India." Next week's vaudeville bill will be headed by Victory Bateman, in a sketch written to fit her. She was the leading lady at Hopkins' two years ago, and is an efficient actress and popular. [Other vaudeville features are the Rosinas, Anita, the dancer, Kelly and Violette and Julia Kaltbrun. Week after next Manager Gumpertz will put on "The Land of the Midnight Sun," dramatized from Hall Caine's successful novel, "The Bondman."]

At the Standard, this week, the Bowery Burlesquers are giving a screamingly funny burletta called "Slumming." The management made no mistake in the engagement of these droll players. Next week the Australian Burlesquers will hold the boards and they have been very highly commended.

Prof. Weil deserves well of the people of St. Louis for the admirable series of concerts given by his Concert Band each Sunday afternoon at the Olympic Theatre. Next Sunday the band will give a request programme and there can be no doubt that the gratifying patronage so regularly given will be much augmented on this interesting occasion.

The next entertainment given by Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils will occur on Tuesday evening, February 27th at the Fourteenth Street Theater. The pathos and passion depicted in the first play "Norah," render it as strong and intense as the majority of dramas lasting an entire evening. The second number "The Marble Arch," is clever in construction and very witty in dialogue. "Cicely's Cavalier" is a charming conceit, dealing with an episode during the struggle between Charles I and the Parliament. The concluding play is a farce, "Too Much for Good Nature," that goes with a whirl from start to finish. The following

The World's Grandest Jewelry Establishment.

ON BROADWAY,
COR. LOCUST ST.

SALE THIS WEEK

of Rarely Beautiful Statuary in

Parian Marble

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Greatly Reduced Prices.



	Regular Price.	During This Sale.
Busts of Venus de Milo,	\$2.00	\$1.60
Venus de Milo, full l'gth,	\$8.50	\$6.80
Venus de Milo, full l'gth,	\$55.00	\$44.00
Greek Slave.....	\$11.00	\$8.80
The Good Shepherd.....	\$30.00	\$24.00
Bust of Scott.....	\$7.50	\$6.00
Bust of Scott, life size.....	\$55.00	\$44.00

VENUS DE MILO.
Regular Price..... \$4.50
During this Sale, \$3.60

SHAKESPEARE.
Regular Price..... \$3.50
During this Sale, \$2.80

Also Busts of Byron, Beethoven, Wagner, Apollo, Clyte, groups of "Niobe and Daughter," and reproductions of classic masterpieces at

SIMILAR REDUCTIONS IN PRICES.

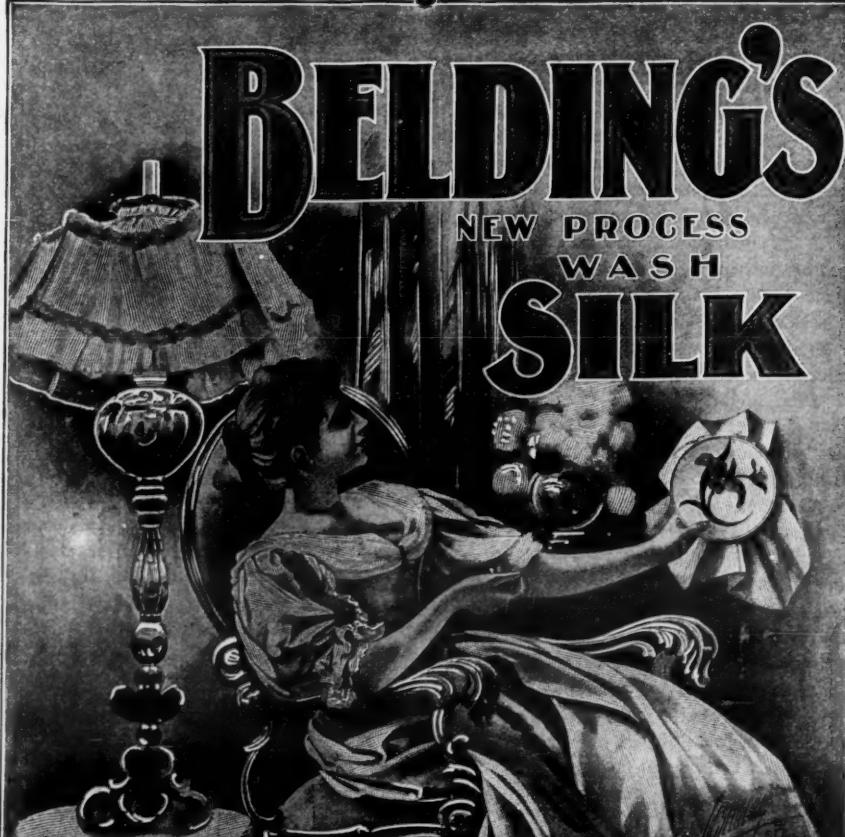
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pupils will appear: Miss Winifred Heiman, Mrs. Harry Hull, Miss Etta V. Cramer, Mrs. Martha A. Hess, Miss Margaret Shannon, Miss Alice Collison, Miss Lavinia Thomas, Messrs. Harry M. Cowley, Arthur J. Price, Frederick Demko, Howard Shultz, and W. A. Praeger. Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros., Music Store, 11th and Olive streets.

Poker sets and cigar boxes in Oak and Mahogany with Sterling silver and gun metal trimmings are a novelty for gentlemen, and a complete line can be seen at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

Wedding Silverware—Mermod & Jaccard's.



Always Buy the Best.

Belding's Knitting Silk,
Belding's Spool Silk,

Belding's "New Process" Wash Embroidery Silk.

The Mirror.

PADEREWSKI.

HOW HIS PLAYING STRUCK A PHILISTINE.

I'll admit I am a Philistine. I write as such. I even call him "roosky," not "reessky." That shows I'm not one of the children of light. But I went to hear him play. Here goes for my impressions!

The pianist looks like a fellow after a hard-night before matutinal ablutions, at first. Then he has a general air of dissipated sanctity. His chin is feminine without feminine softness. His eyes are those of a weary ferret. That hirsute nimbus is aggressive, but it is negated by the insipidity of the shadowy chin-tuft. His pallor is not poetical. He is curious without being romantic. There is a hardness in his bleachedness. And the low-cut collar revealing a giarffe-like neck and throat is disappointingly un-Byronic. The man is, in the last analysis, repellent. There's something clammy about him. There's an obscure animality about him which is intensified, not relieved, by the adscititious application to his head of a method or a trick of hair-training designed to reproduce the church-symbolism of saintship. His halo is a trick. It is designed to catch women, who are most smitten sensually when the corruption of the flesh is lighted up with a glamour of religion and poetry. Paderewski, to me, seemed "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of a calculated mysticism and bogus romanticism. Distinctly unhealthy I should pronounce him.

I thought of Marie Bashkistaff as he sat at the piano. He represented to me, as she does, that appalling Slavic precocity, that wierd, emphemerally intense, intellectual aptitude that simulates genius, but is in fact only a peculiar sensitiveness to the sensual in culture. There's something savagely, primitively reminiscent of daedal man underlying Slav artistry. Your Slav artist, in any line, is only a Tartar glossed over with Gallic polish—it's not as thick as veneer.

When he played I lost much of my exterior regard for the piano. It was not to me, under his hands—those square, strong hands—an instrument into which a soul could be smitten by a touch. The piano, for the first time, struck me as a machine, and music as mathematics, unable to soar to the heights of imagination, to which mathematics sometimes attain.

There is but one explanation of the Paderewski furor—outside of the fact that there is no furor, save in the newspapers—and that is, that so many women play the piano. Piano playing is so common that any digital dexterity thereupon or therewith is highly regarded, because so regarding it reacts and reverts into an assumption that the great mob of piano-players are themselves artists. Too, too many weak intelligences are familiar with the piano. They love to think that piano playing is high art, and to think that Paderewski demonstrates it.

The Pole's pianism, at its best, reveals only what a tin pan a piano may be. At his apogee of physical strength in playing the resultant in sound struck me as being too suggestive of a disorderly *charivari*. Too much metallic clangor, is the fault of Paderewski playing. The music is hard, even when he means to make it soft. Take the Shakespeare song, "Hark, hark the

Lark," as written in music by Schubert, and played by Paderewski. There is not one millionth part the witchery in it that there is in the words in the play of "Cymbeline." The Schumann works on the piano lose all the wistful, evanescent beauty they show when wrought out by an orchestra. The "Sonata Apassionata" is not passion on the piano. It is, compared with orchestral rendition, a man breaking up his wife's furniture. Chopin Paderewski can play in fairly high fashion, and those banal—some of them, according to legends of origin, bestial—"Rhapsodies Hongroises" he can interpret to the perfect satiation of the sort of taste for music which has its complement in the taste of the vulgar for loud color. Chopin is a Pole-Parisian, a Poe, or, better comparison yet, a Baudelaire of music. Chopin has the quality of glamour upon decay. Liszt spells lust interpreting itself in culture. In those things in music wherein one might expect Paderewski to make us look out from "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn," he fails. He has not the touch that gives us poetry. He is not competent to explicate for us the imaginative mystery of music. His bizarre personality absorbs attention in the first place. His morbid picturesqueness is confused, by unanalytic minds, with his piano-playing. There is nothing creative in his art, so far as I could see or hear. There is no uplift to it. If it have any effect at all it is in loosening moral fibre through strong strokes upon the senses. A wilderness of Paderewskis can give no one what he can get out of reading Glorious John Dryden's "Alexander's Feast; an ode for Saint Cecilia's Day."

Fingering is, of course, Paderewski's forte. It is wonderful, but when you come to think it over, is it any more than the skill of the Japanese juggler, or the man's skill who can shake his ears like Balaam's beast? (Mind you, I'm, confessedly, a Philistine.) And is not his pedaling as miraculous as his fingering? It is; but it is no more wonderful to me than the way seamstresses pedal their sewing machines. A man trying it bumps his knee, tangles the thread, loses the stroke. The Pole's foot-work reminded me not a little of the men on the stage who twirl balls with their toes.

Tell me I've no soul for technique. Revile me for not distinguishing the genius in touch. Nevertheless, a She I know can put more soul into a piece on the piano, can stir more memories, create more longings and regrets, give clearer hints of things beyond the world, as she caresses out of the keys some wordless song, than all your Absalom-maned Paderewskis. And that too, without such exertion as must, inductively, make the auditor perspire. And so any man will say, for Paderewski appeals not to men, even though his dominant trait is strength of wrist and finger-muscles. The facility of stroke on this key or that is no more art than is marksmanship with the rifle, which may be learned by practice. What is it but a memory for combinations, operating through muscular flexibility?

If there were not so many people who play the piano, the piano-playing of Paderewski would not be so glorified. He would be regarded somewhat as Dr. Johnson regarded



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TWO HUNDRED
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TWO HUNDRED
AND NINE
NORTH SIXTH STREET,
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A DOZEN BLUE POINTS
on the shell, some celery, fresh, crisp crackers, and a bottle of



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And you have a lunch that is fit for the gods.
But don't forget the Ale.
If your grocer or liquor dealer can not supply you telephone brewery direct: Kinloch D 1344.

BURTON ALE AND PORTER BREWING CO.
ST. LOUIS.

Bray — "Metempsychosis? No, sir, I think it's a horrid belief. Fancy my becoming a donkey in my next incarnation!"
Funnell — "Monotonous, eh?" — Life.

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THE BUTTERFLY BALL.

(For the MIRROR.)

ACT I.

(Mesdames Wa-up, Outosite and Noemall, respectively President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Organized Society of Anglo-sympathizers in a conference of ways and means, being held in the charming boudoir of the first mentioned lady.)

Mrs. Wa-up: Yes, I thought we three had better meet and decide upon something before I called a general meeting of vice-presidents and the Society—by the way how many vice-presidents have we?

Both the other ladies: Fifteen.

Mrs. Noemall: We started with ten you know and five of our leading members threatened to join the Ladies' Pro-Boer League and we made them officers to keep them in, if you remember. Most all of the vice-presidents are figure-heads anyhow but (shrugging her shoulders) *que voulez vous*.

Mrs. Wa-up, (laughing): "Now, Clara, do hush; you are too sarcastic. A few vice-presidents more or less do not matter; it brought harmony out of a difficult situation and effectually stopped a disruption. I am sure it was a beautiful idea; but—let's to business. A crisis is upon us; we are about to be asked as an organization for a contribution to the soldiers of the Queen now fighting those horrid Dutchmen in South Africa.

Mrs. Outosite, (interrupting): Yes, do you know they wear the same styles their grandfathers wore and they don't read anything but the Bible.

Mrs. Wa-up: How interesting it is to read about such people, but how dreadful it is to have them right in the way of progress and civilization.

Mrs. Noemall: Well, when England wins in her noble warfare it will not be many years before they will wear dress-suits after six o'clock and know a tailor-gown when they see it, and I am sure they will relish a change of literature; not that I would say anything against the Bible. We have one ourselves, though, personally, I prefer the prayer-book, but I should think a steady course of it, especially in the Dutch language should tend to make a person slow, you know, and-er-er-improgressive as it were.

Mrs. Outosite: Dear me, yes; the Dutch are slow; why, I had a maid—

Mrs. Wa-up: I'd love to hear about her, Mrs. Outosite, but we must be parliamentary,

even in a discussion, and get to business. Now, as I was saying, we will want to make as good a showing in this matter as our sister-societies in England but we must do something and do it very quickly for we are in desperate straits—how much have we, Mrs. Treasurer, to our credit?

Mrs. Noemall: Just thirty-seven cents, and that is ten cents more than we would have had if Brown and Bogson hadn't made a mistake in their bills for those cans of potted ham we sent to dear Lord Roberts' soldiers, with an American Beauty on them and our President's autograph, as an offset to the Queen's chocolate.

Mrs. Outosite: Great Heavens! is that all!

Mrs. Wa-up: You see, ladies I have not under-stated the gravity of the situation; those cans were awfully expensive, they charged so outrageously for the labels; still, we do not grudge the expense. Think how cheering it will be to those poor fellows on "Afric's golden sands"—is that the way it is in the hymn?—to realize that not only is the greatest woman in England thinking and planning for their comfort, but that their sisters in America join likewise in this glorious work—but I must really bring myself to order. Now, this is what I propose: Society is awfully slow just now and the time is propitious; let's give a ball, a real, swell affair, and not too exclusive (or we won't make any money) but just exclusive enough to take in all the desirable new folks and too select for the rabble.

Mrs. Noemall: That will be pretty hard to do in a charity affair; if the tickets are too high, nobody but a handful of folks will go, and if they are reasonable, you can't shut out anybody that can pay for them—and there you are. For my part, I don't see how charity and exclusiveness are to hob-nob worth a cent.

Mrs. Wa-up: You are too cutting, Clara—but we'll fix about that afterward. How would a Butterfly Ball do, with one girl for a queen?

Mrs. Noemall: Bees have queens.

Mrs. Wa-up: There you go again, Clara! To return—with one girl for a queen and a whole bevy of attendants. There are so many kinds of butterflies—I learned that when I saw that collection—and such gorgeous colors, so the girls can dress beautifully, and we can interest so many in that way, that the success of the ball will be assured. We can get the hall and music,

etc., on credit, and I believe it will be a 'go.' What do you think?

Both ladies together: Charming! The very thing.

Mrs. Wa-up: With the vice-presidents as chaperones—eh?

Mrs. Noemall: You'd better.

Mrs. Outosite: And the Queen?

Mrs. Noemall: None of our girls, you may be sure, or they'd be mean enough to say that is why we got the affair up.

Mrs. Outosite (with a faint sigh): "I dare say, you are right, but—(regretfully)—I may be pardoned a mother's vanity, still I can't help thinking Edith—

Mrs. Wa-up (hastily and effusively): "Of course, if we only could, but as Clara says we must sacrifice our own feelings and select a queen outside, although, of course, we will be bound to have one that could not hold a candle to your sweet Edith.

Mrs. Noemall (*sotto voce*): We would have had to make the Death-head Moth our queen if she were chosen—the skinny thing!

Mrs. Wa-up: So I thought that Marie Hauton would make a good queen, and we'd select the attendants ourselves in a manner, by inviting the prettiest girls in society—(graciously)—here's where your Edith comes in, Mrs. Outosite, to serve and then let Marie choose her immediate retinue; what do you think of the idea, ladies?

Mrs. Outosite (beaming): You always know the right thing, my dear Mrs. Wa-up; I think you are a perfect genius. Would you suggest that Edith go as that beautiful blue butterfly?

Mrs. Wa-up: Blue is her color, you know.

Mrs. Wa-up: I am sure she would be very striking, but you'd have to see if those blue-green shades light up well; shouldn't you?

Mrs. Outosite (meditatively): "I hadn't thought of that."

Mrs. Wa-up: Now, Clara, you haven't given your opinion.

Mrs. Noemall: You display the wisdom of a serpent, my dear. Marie is of the elite, without belonging to that very old set of

'first families' which is such a small set that it never would have done to go to them for a queen; she is of the Four Hundred, and that is better—for a charity ball—than if she were of the One Hundred. She has beauty and money and style—I hope she has tact too.

Mrs. Wa-up: Oh, no doubt of that: the girl is well-bred.

Mrs. Outosite (in a deep study): I do wonder if that blue.

Mrs. Wa-up: Then you think I could call a meeting and lay this before it without much chance of its failure?

Both ladies: Certainly.

Mrs. Wa-up: We will have to make Mrs. Ultra Beyond very prominent: she is not the pleasantest person in the world, but she spends her husband's money right royally and then she is the vice-president that is the most difficult to handle.

Mrs. Noemall: I can tell you right now what she'll wear—cream and pink and green and if some reporter will only call her "the capitalist's beautiful young wife" in the Sunday paper her cup of contentment will be full. It's one of the mysteries of human nature that a blonde near sixty thinks she can wear lavender and cream and pink and green, and look sixteen.

Mrs. Way-up (laughing): You are too hard on human frailties, Clara; wait until you hover around sixty.

Mrs. Ontosit: Mrs. Loftimene is awfully hard to handle too, isn't she?

Mrs. Wa-up: Oh, dear, yes; she thinks she is the only person with a family tree.

Mrs. Noemall: She's the individual that wasn't contented that her fore-fathers came over in the May-flower, but made up her mind that they had a right to a coat-of-arms as well, so she went abroad to look it up and found—

Mrs. Ontosit: What?

Mrs. Noemall: A barber-shop.

Mrs. Wa-up: Truly?

Mrs. Noemall: So they say. Which goes to prove that dead ancestors, like sleeping dogs, ought to be let lie. Margery Bright suggested that an appropriate coat-of-arms would

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be a razor rampant on a chevron of bars of soap, with a crest consisting of a brush argent on a wreath *à la* barber pole.

(In a general laugh the conference ends.)

ACT. II.

(The Butterfly Ball having been duly submitted as a proposition, and carried through by acclamation, and Miss Hauton having been duly selected as Queen, the young ladies who have received invitations to serve in her court, meet at a designated place and hour that the Queen may select her retinue. As each member of the committee appointed has the privilege of inviting a certain number of her girl friends, there are some seventy-five of the prettiest girls in society at the first meeting.)

Enter Miss Hauton who looks about her in amaze at the number gathered, and goes to her seat upon the platform with a decided frown upon her handsome countenance.

Groups of girls all around, who cease a lively chatter as the prospective Queen comes in.

Miss Hauton (to a friend at her side, in a distinctly audible voice): Great Heavens! I thought I was to select my court out of people I know and not out of this motley crowd.

(A suppressed murmur and some active work by the Committee to keep things mov-

ing pleasantly; then an adjournment until next day for rehearsal; previous to which time several notes were received by the various members of the Committee, all of them in a vein similar to this:

My Dear Mrs. Blank:

Although I often meet Miss Hauton at functions to which we are both invited, I am not one of her immediate set, so I must beg to decline the honor of serving in her court, feeling that in this case I am only one of "the motley crowd."

Yours sincerely,

ACT III.

A ball room not oppressively crowded with guests; some of the prettiest girls in society and numbers of the One Hundred being conspicuous by their absence. Mrs. Wa-up and Mrs. Noemall in a corner, surveying the scene.

Mrs. Wa-Up: Well, it is a very pretty ball, anyway.

Mrs. Noemall: Yes, but is it going to net all the results we hoped?

Mrs. Wa-Up: If we can get a few voluntary contributions we'll come out all right; I told James he had to give me at least a hundred dollars; it is my scheme and I will not see it fall through.

Mrs. Noemall: There are a great many absent faces that belong here; it is a pity that Marie had so little tact.

Mrs. Way-Up: Yes, that is it.

Mrs. Noemall: But it is a pity, too, how people do speak their minds; one of those Laurens girls, whose forefathers were with William the Conqueror, and who ought to use better language, went so far as to call Marie a 'snob'—shocking, isn't it? But there comes Mrs. Ultra Beyond—didn't I tell you so?—cream, pink and green, as I'm a living sinner!

(The curtain falls.)

Fannie Stringer.

** * **

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** * **

MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH.

"Aida," as given by the Castle Square Opera Company, will long be remembered by the thousands who are this week nightly crowding Music Hall to hear it. Notwithstanding the uniform excellence that has marked everyone of the Castle Square presentations, this production, from every point of view, easily eclipses all previous achievement.

The settings are more elaborate than those seen in the other operas, the orchestra plays better, and the principals sing better than they have yet done. Those master minds, Temple and Morreale, one behind, the other before the footlights, have worked well together, and the result is a noteworthy, memorable performance—memorable as a gorgeous spectacle, and as an adequate, interesting, musical presentation of Verdi's greatest opera.

Temple has left nothing undone to make the spectacular part of the performance as complete and attractive as possible; from the humblest negro super to the principal singers, every person on the stage has evidently been thoroughly drilled, and there is an elaboration of detail that is nothing short of marvelous, considering the limited time devoted to the preparation of this production.

And this too makes Morreale's baton seem

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Husbands
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A GOOD
THING
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THEY
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DOES
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BOOKS



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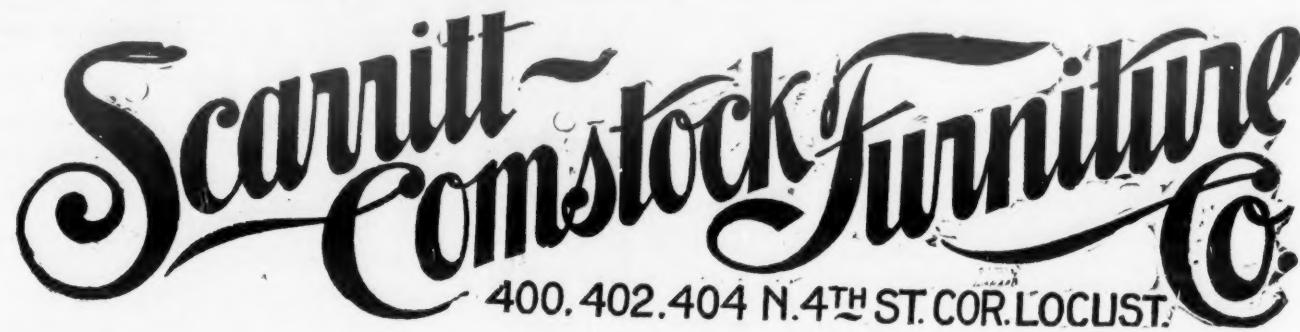
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like a magic wand. He held his orchestra under perfect control, the chorus was prompt and precise, and he was at all times helpful to the principals, Monday night. The Italian maestro revels in a work like "Aida." He conducted with fire and enthusiasm, his reading of the score being marked by individuality, without indulgence in extravagance or eccentricity. The work of the chorus is excellent, and of individual merit there is much in this performance.

Monday night Yvonne de Treville soared to great artistic heights as *Aida*. She sang and acted earnestly, meaningfully, and displayed histrionic talent of a high order, as well as superior vocal attainments. Her voice seems broader and more dramatic in

this music. She phrases broadly and tastefully. The soft passages were sung with much tonal charm, and throughout the opera there was finished art in her work, her tone, as well as action and facial expression, vividly portraying the varying moods of the hapless slave.

Joseph Sheehan, the handsome young American tenor, to whom the critics of the daily papers refer persistently—and as erroneously as persistently—as the "Irish tenor," sang *Rhadames* Monday night. In this music the full glory of his voice is more liberally displayed than in that of any role he has sung here. It is a magnificent organ, rich, ringing in quality, thrilling in power—the finest American tenor voice of the day. The taxing score of "Aida" seems child's-



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play to him; his voice opens out in wonderful fashion on the high tones, and though he seemed a little out of condition at the opening of the opera, he sang the famous "Celeste Aida" most artistically, resisting the temptation to give a sensational ending by singing the final high B flat in full voice, giving it instead, as Verdi intended, in the lightest pianissimo.

Mary Linck looked handsome and sang with splendid effect, *Amneris*. Her best work was done in the great scene in the last act where her work will bear comparison with any of the famous singers we have heard in this role.

W. H. Clarke was an impressive *Ramfis*, and William Wade Hinshaw, always a reliable, conscientious worker, sang well as the King and carried himself in a royal manner. Mertens, heard here for the first time with this company, made a fiery *Amonasro*. His voice is in fine condition, and has all the vibrancy of yore; he also still preserves his inimitable German dialect. Della Niven was not seen, but her rich powerful voice was heard with pleasure in the music allotted to the *Priestess*.

Tuesday night's cast contained several surprises, and is further evidence of the resources of this unique organization. Adelaide Norwood sang *Aida*, Frank Belcher sang *Ramfis*, and Bernice Holmes and Harry Davies appeared in the contralto and tenor parts respectively.

Norwood is a wonder. She seems to be capable of singing and acting any kind of a part to the entire satisfaction of her audience. From *Germaine*, in Planquette's operetta, to the title role in Verdi's dramatic work is a wide jump, but this remarkable woman accomplishes it with apparent ease,

and certainly with great success. She developed unexpected, almost startling, vocal power, acted with distinction, and looked superbly handsome in the Ethiopian make-up.

Bernice Holmes, too, was a great surprise to all who had heard her in the comparatively lights parts in which she achieved only moderate success. Her singing is somewhat crude but her voice is admirable and her stage presence agreeable. Harry Davies, in spite of an extraordinary make-up and that foggy quality in his voice, was acceptable as *Rhadames*. Homer Lind made the most of his opportunities in the baritone role and Frank Belcher's big bass voice is well suited to the dignified measures sung by *Ramfis*.

A. C. W.

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AT THE PLAY.

THE GIRL IN THE BARRACKS.

Patrons of the Century are once more regaled with a typical French farce. The characters and incidents, the dialogue and innuendos are Gallic, notwithstanding the fact that the play is a translation from the German. As in all farces of this class, there is no real, healthy humor. The ribald jesting, absurd complications, grotesque mistakes and verbal dallying with immorality appeal only to people with gross sensibilities. Stripped of the lecherous suggestions and the exploiting of moral rottenness, the farce would be intolerably insipid. The *lett motif* of French farces is obscenity, but the ob-

scenery is so utterly nonsensical that it fails to interest even those who incline to the belief that custom stale everything, save immorality.

There are probably very few among the better class of patrons of the theater who feel the better after having witnessed the production of "The Girl in the Barracks." The effect is *malsaine*, in spite of the dexterous effort to relieve the lecherous platitudes by a little satire on the spy-craze in French army-circles. As a whole, however, the play is less offensive in brutal frankness than "The Girl from Maxim's", "Zaza" and others previously seen during the present season.

Mr Mann, as the old libertine, is very clever, especially in the art of mimicry. His role, however, is not sympathetic; there is something nauseating in seeing a man in senile decay "on the primrose path of dalliance." Miss Clara Lipman is as pretty and enticing as ever. One cannot but regret that an actor and an actress of such marked abilities do not appear in worthier and cleaner productions. The characterization of *Colonel Ravelin*, by Mr. Geo. W. Barnum, is a very effective and realistic piece of work and deserves special commendation.

~~**~~
QUO VADIS?

Sienkiewicz's novel is shaped into a fairly good play by Stanislaus Stange. It is elaborately staged and presented at the Olympic this week, but it's only for the folk who like their drama blood-raw. It is interesting and moving but not calculated to give anyone an illusion of the reality of the thing. The play is deficient in its shading of tones. Every thing is done in a high key. There is plenty of vivid contrast of charac-

ters, all in the superlative degree. What there is in the play, the company of mummers gathered together by Mr. Whitney get out of it and they do it without any suggestion that the accomplishment is the result of "main strength and ignorance." Nothing can obscure the clap-trap and flub-dub of the novel. The only part the play offers for fine work is that of *Petronius*, and there's only one American actor who could play that part, and his name is Richard Mansfield. Mr. Lyons makes a *Nero* that is colossally un-Neronian. Nero was a beautiful man and a poet, but mad with power and flattery. All of which he is not, in this play. Scenically the play is beyond anticipation. But when we have said the play is a first-rate effort in melodrama, all has been said. The chief interest the play will have for the public is the curiosity it excites to see how the drama will give the archaeological values of the novel. Young people, fresh from their classics, will look for pictures of old Rome. What they see will not be the truth, but it will pass muster with them. Some good Christians will think the play is a sort of triumph of Christianity. No use trying to disabuse their minds of that delusion. The main thing is that the production is filling Mr. Short's play-house and his strong box. And in the case of such a good fellow as Mr. Short we may admit that the end justifies the means.

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The Mirror.

THE STOCK MARKET.

There has been practically no change in stock market quotations during the past week. The little gains in a few manipulated issues can hardly be taken as an index of the market's position. There is absolutely nothing to evidence that the public is again displaying interest in speculative affairs. Probably seventy-five per cent of present stock market transactions are fictitious; manipulation is so plain that the veriest tyro in Wall street affairs can notice it. The cliques and pools are trying, with all their might and all the resources and ingenuity at their command, to advance values and to get the public interested, but they are woefully unsuccessful. Experience has been too expensive for the rank and file of non-professional speculators to encourage them to venture again into purchases of inflated stocks at the present time. Conservative people continue to advise caution and patience until a lower level has been reached. Current market quotations must not be compared with those of ten months ago; it will be more appropriate to compare with quotations of 1898. About a year ago, values had been advanced to an abnormal extent: many people had lost all conception of security and values, and bought simply for the reason that it was fashionable to do so. The awakening has come; things have changed, and it now behooves every prudent investor and speculator to consider the future and scan securities closely.

New York traction stocks are still being depressed, especially Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Third Avenue. Sentiment on the first-named is generally bearish, but there are very few who have the courage to sell the shares for "short" account at current prices. Intrinsically, B. R. Transit is not worth anything like 70 or 72, as it is a non-dividend payer, and there is ample ground to believe that nothing will be paid for a long time to come. It is reported that the special Grand Jury, convened sometime ago for the purpose of investigating the methods employed to depreciate the value of B. R. T. securities, has ordered the company to produce its books. It is probably safe to assume that the whole affair will end in a *fiasco*, and that the Grand Jury will formulate no indictments. There is a suspicion that the investigation is nothing but a "bluff," engineered for stock-jobbing purposes. Wall street cliques try everything, if necessary, to further their purpose; they are afraid of nothing and nobody.

The advance in Tobacco, which was predicted in the MIRROR two weeks ago, has materialized. American Tobacco common crossed 111, a gain of about five points, and there are some Wall street authorities who encourage the impression that the shares will go to 120 or 125. However, there is no justification for a further rise at the present time; the stock is sufficiently high at 110. If it should appreciate further, it will have to be ascribed to manipulation. As they pay only 6 per cent. per annum, the shares are not attractive at current quotations, in spite of the fact that the earnings of the company are reported to be very large and to warrant payments of 8 and even 10 per cent. on the common stock.

Bulls are confident that the coal stocks will go higher. They insist that there will be heavy exports of coal in the near future, in view of the scarcity of the fuel in Europe, and that the consequential higher prices will entail still larger revenues for the various properties. There has been liberal

buying of Reading first preferred, Ontario & Western, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and Norfolk & Western issues in the last few days. Reading first preferred is now selling ex the 1½ per cent. dividend; after a decline to 54, it has risen to 56 again on buying by prominent interests. The stock is recommended as a good purchase at every little decline, and it is confidently asserted that it is now on a 3 per cent. dividend basis.

Norfolk & Western common has been bought in enormous blocks, purchases during one session amounting to more than 45,000 shares. Although nothing is paid on the stock, it cannot be said that it is too high, even at 30 or 31. Compared with other shares of its class, it is cheap, especially so in view of the company and its bright future. The management is very conservative, not indulging in manipulation, intent on improving the property and giving the utmost of satisfaction to shareholders. During the reorganization of three years ago, the fixed charges were materially reduced, so much so, indeed, that there can be no doubt that they could be paid under any conceivable circumstances. If there should be any good decline in either the preferred or common shares, would-be purchasers should not hesitate to buy them, if not for investment, than at least for an advance of several points.

The earnings of all important railway systems, for the second week of February, have been very gratifying. It should, however, be borne in mind, that there were heavy snow-storms throughout the country in the month of February, last year, which restricted traffic materially and caused big decreases in railway earnings. For the second week of February, 1899, the Missouri Pacific, for instance, showed a falling off in earnings of more than \$130,000. Of course, it is most encouraging that the railroad systems of the country continue to maintain their excellent earning records. If the gross earnings for 1900 should exceed those of 1899, all low-priced stocks will inevitably go to a much higher level. At present there is considerable misgiving regarding the probable effect enhanced cost of operation and materials will have on revenues. The St. Paul, Burlington, Rock Island, Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern submitted statements recently which were not to the liking of enthusiastic bulls, for, in spite of large gross earnings, the net showed a considerable decrease, compared with the corresponding time of last year.

Baltimore & Ohio preferred, on which 2 per cent has at last been declared by the directors, has risen to 80, while the common hovers around 63. It seems that the dividend declaration has discounted by the pres-

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Louis Mann
AND
Clara Lipman
IN
**The Girl
in the
Barracks.**

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Wed. and Sat.

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Orchestra of 55 Musicians; Alfred Ernst, Conductor.

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and
Saturday.

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KENDAL,

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February 25.

HARRY BRYANT'S

AUSTRALIAN BURLESQUERS.

Second Season.
OLYMPIC THEATER.
Every Sunday at 3 p. m.

Weil's Concert Band.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

St. Louis Trust Co.
Capital and Surplus \$3,000,000
Allows Interest on Deposits
PERSONAL CHECKING AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
Checks Cashed Through the Clearing House.
Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Renewal (Gld) 5	J. J.	Jan. 1, 1900	100 -101
Gas Co.	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park	A. O.	April 1, 1905	113 -115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	113 -115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" " 3%	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" " 4%	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	103 -104
" " 4%	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" " 3%	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" " 3%	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" " St'r'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" " (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" " 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" " 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" " 3%	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.		\$ 19,332,277	
Assessment.		\$345,186,840	

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
Funding 4.	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106 -108
" 6.	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
School 5.	F. A.	April 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4.	A. O.	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 5-20.	M. S.	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20.	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20.	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4.	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.	When Due.	Price.

Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	102 -104
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	88 -93
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	100 -102
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mortg.		99 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.		106 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	114 -115
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	110 -112
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1927	95 -96
St. Louis Agric. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	99 1/2 -100
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	93 -95
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s.	1899	100 -101
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

Par val.	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$ 50 Dec. '99, 5 SA	99 -101	
Boatmen's.	100 Dec. '99, 3 1/2 SA	184 -188	
Bremen Sav.	100 Jan. 1900 4 SA	140 -150	
Continental.	100 Nov. '99, 3 1/2 SA	164 -166	
Fourth National	100 Nov. '99, 4 SA	225 -227	
Franklin.	100 Dec. '99, 4 SA	156 -159	
German Savings	100 Jan. 1900, 6 SA	290 -295	
German-Amer...	100 Jan. 1900 20 SA	760 -800	
International.	100 Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	127 -132	
Jefferson.	100 Jan. 1900, 3 SA	100 -110	
Lafayette.	100 Jan. 1900, 5 SA	400 -500	
Mechanics'.	100 Jan. 1900, 27 qy	20 -24	
Merch.-Laclede.	100 Dec. '99, 1 1/2 qy	149 -152	
Northwestern.	100 Jan. 1900, 4 SA	140 -142	
Nat. Bank Com.	100 Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	250 -251	
South Side.	100 May '99, 8 SA.	122 -125	
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100 Oct. '99, 3 SA	135 -138	
Southern com.	100 Dec. '96, 8 SA	90 -100	
State National.	100 Jan. 1900 1 1/2 qy	164 -166	
Third National.	100 Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	144 -145	

M. KOTANY, 409 Olive Street, Stock & Bond Broker,

Dealer in Local Securities.

Established 1874. THE Incorporated 1898.
WM. F. WERNSE & CO.
BOND & STOCK CO.
421 Olive Street, - - St. Louis, Mo.
Municipal Bonds, Bank Stocks, Industrial Stocks, Commercial Paper, Loans.

1879-1899.

Noel-Young Bond and Stock Co.
BOND AND STOCK BROKERS,
All Local Securities Bought and Sold.
Municipal Bonds a Specialty.
No. 304 North Fourth Street. - St. Louis

ent price of the preferred, and that there is little likelihood of a further sharp advance. Surprise is expressed at the high figure at which the common is quoted. For the present, the latter is unquestionably dear at 63; cautious investors would not care to buy it at anything above 55, because the company is still making extensive improvements, adding to new equipment, and will hardly be in a position to pay anything on the common shares for quite a long time to come. It is known, of course, that, with any reduction in operating expenses to about 70 or 71 per cent, the surplus would be equal to more than 7 per cent on the common, but it is equally well known, and beyond gainsaying, that railway competition in the East is very keen, and that the Baltimore and Ohio would have to suffer severely, in case of any shrinkage in traffic. The rate per ton per mile on the B. & O. is very small, reduced, in fact, to the lowest limit possible, and any further reduction would have disastrous effect on revenues.

The statements of the New York Associated Banks are again exhibiting decreases in surplus reserves. Since February 1st, the reduction has been in excess of \$6,000,000, so that the holdings above legal requirements now stand at about \$24,000,000. There is still danger of gold exports; sterling exchange rates have risen to \$4.88 for demand and money rates are slowly rising again both in Europe and in this country. Doubts about monetary developments are probably responsible for the extreme dullness and narrowness of the present stock market, and the growth of the notion that lower prices will soon be recorded.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Values of local stocks and bonds displayed a little more firmness in the past week, and some trifling appreciations were registered. Transactions, however, were again small, much too small, indeed, for a stock exchange located in a city of more

than 700,000 people. Why is it that there is so little speculation and investment demand in St. Louis? This is what brokers are asking themselves in these dull and unsatisfactory times.

The subscriptions to the 4 per cent bonds of the St. Louis Transit Co. have not been encouraging. It is this which accounts for the decline in Brown Bros. subscriptions. Suburban Railway issues have been a little more active and stronger, the stock rising to 74.00 bid and 80.00 asked. The 5 per cent. bonds are quoted at 104.65, with little demand.

Missouri-Edison issues have been neglected and quotations are only nominal; 95.50 is bid for the bonds. There has not been a sale of the preferred and common for several days.

Quotations for bank and trust company shares show little gains, but there is no special demand for any particular issue. Mercantile Trust Co. shares have risen to 234.00 again, while National Bank of Commerce is 250.00 bid.

GOOD COFFEE.

HOW TO SECURE IT.

When a housekeeper purchases a manufactured article, especially one in general use, the only guarantee of uniform good quality is the stamp or brand of a firm of well established character and repute,

Of no article in universal use is this so true as of coffee. People go to a retailer and buy a small quantity of a certain coffee which they imagine to be good, because it bears one of the standard names of the beans. They wonder that what was agreeable after one purchase is unpalatable after the next. The reason is not far to seek. The retailer himself is as much in the dark as to the quality of what he offers for sale as his customer. The customer need suffer no more from this uncertainty. The Hanley and Kinsella Coffee Spice Co. for twenty years have placed before the public a blend of Java and Mocha coffees which is absolutely uniform in quality and flavor.

This company is a direct importer of the finest Mocha from Araba, and the highest grade of coffee grown in the fertile isle of Java. These coffees are subjected to the most vigorous tests, and if there be the slightest imperfection they are rejected. That this test is no profanity one is shown by the eloquent fact, that since the "H and K" blend was first placed upon the market it has given perfect satisfaction to the most fastidious taste.

Wherever good coffee is appreciated, there will be found the 3 pound can of "H and K" which retails for One Dollar.

SAFE

DEPOSIT

BOXES.
\$5 per Annum.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.
Fourth PipeSts
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$4,000,000.

CRAWFORD'S,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

St. Louis' Greatest Store's 2d Week OF THE Great White Fair Sale

TO BE THE CAPPING TRIUMPH OF OUR EFFORTS.

Again we have demonstrated anew in this sale that what we promise we perform. Appreciation of the public has made this sale a Grand Success from the start. This Week we bring forward NEW, FRESH, BRILLIANT ATTRACTIONS AT TREMENDOUSLY LOW PRICES for High-Grade Goods that will insure a continuance to the end.

BUY HERE AND NOW.

The White Fair Sale of Domestics

Another Great Week's selling at Cut Prices of the Best Staple Goods marked at less than the present cost of the raw material. At no previous sale have such values been given in standard qualities of MUSLINS, PILLOW CASING, SHEETING, PILLOW CASES, SHEETS and BOLSTERS.

5 cases Yard Wide Bleached Muslin, soft finish, no dressing, regular value 8½c, White Fair Sale Price.....	6½c
10 cases Yard Wide Bleached Muslin, soft finish, no dressing, regular 9c quality, White Fair Sale Price, yard	7½c
5 bales Yard Wide Brown Muslin, extra heavy would be cheap at 7c per yard, White Fair Sale Price.....	5c
200 dozen Ready Made Bleached Sheets, full size, 90x90, our regular 79c grade, for the White Fair Sale at, each	59c
150 dozen Ready Made Bleached Sheets, for single beds, regular 40c grade, for the White Fair Sale at.....	29c
100 dozen Ready Made Pillow Cases, made of good muslin, regular 12½c quality, for the White Fair Sale, each.....	9c
1,000 Ready Made Bleached Pillow Cases, Odds and Ends, made of good, heavy muslin, would be cheap at 15c, for the White Fair Sale at.....	7½c
200 dozen Ready Made Hemstitched Pillow Cases, regular 17½c quality, for the White Fair Sale at.....	12½c
150 dozen Ready Made Hemstitched Sheets, for ¾ beds, regular 89c value, White Fair Sale Price, each.....	69c
100 dozen Ready Made Bleached Sheets, for large size bed, our regular 69c quality, for the White Fair Sale at.....	43c

FOR THE WHITE FAIR SALE.

Extraordinary values in White Goods. The wise will buy for their future needs. It's better than putting your money in the savings bank. To replace these goods now would cost us more than we are asking you. Buy now.

WHITE GOODS.

Checked India Dimity, worth 10c, White Fair Sale Price.....	7½c
India Linen, extra quality, worth 12½c, White Fair Sale Price.....	10c
36-inch Dress India Linen, superior quality, worth 20c, White Fair Sale Price.....	15c
40-inch India Lawn, 15c quality, White Fair Sale Price.....	12½c
45-inch Victoria Lawn, worth 28c, White Fair Sale Price.....	20c
Satin Striped Persian Lawn, 15c quality, White Fair Sale Price.....	12½c

The White Fair Sale of Housekeeping Linens.

At no time or place can Linens of such excellent character be purchased at the prices quoted in this sale. Last week's business was an indication of the people's appreciation of our offerings. People came from far and supplied their wants, present and prospective, as the goods were obviously under price. See unexampled bargains in

TABLE DAMASKS.

1 case 58-inch Turkey Red Table Damask, fast colors, well worth 35c, White Fair Sale Price	29c
58-inch Novelty Plaid Table Damask, fast colors, would be cheap at 50c, White Fair Sale Price	39c
15 All-Linen German Damask Open-Work Table Sets, cloth and one dozen napkins to match, size 2x2 yards, regular price \$4.98, White Fair Sale Price.....	\$3.75
Same in 2x2½ yards long, worth \$5.50, White Fair Sale Price.....	\$4.25
10 pieces Full Bleached Table Damask, choice patterns, regular price 50c, White Fair Sale Price.....	39c
12 pieces 72-inch Full Bleached All-Linen Table Damask, would be cheap at 69c, White Fair Sale Price.....	50c
66-inch Full Bleached All-Linen Table Damask, extra heavy quality, regular price 85c, White Fair Sale Price.....	79c
72-inch Full Bleached All-Linen Satin Damask, well worth \$1.25, White Fair Sale Price	98c
10 pieces Half Bleached German Table Damask, all linen, soft finish, regular price 75c, White Fair Sale Price.....	59c

TABLE CLOTHS.

Silk Finish Mercerized Bleached Table Cloths, with fringe and leaf designs, these cloths are slightly soiled and will be closed out for White Fair Sale at half price, come in 8-4, 10-4, 12-4, all sizes at

\$1.98

CRASHES.

1 case Momie Check Crash Toweling, a special for this week at, a yard.....	3½c
1 bale Brown Linen Crash Toweling, 18 inches wide, regular price 7½c, White Fair Sale Price	5c

TOWELS.

150 dozen 17x34 Hemmed Huck Towels, well worth 12½c, White Fair Price.....	10c
125 dozen Hemmed Huck Towels, size 20x40, soft finished, ready for use, would be cheap at 20c, White Fair Price.....	15c
200 dozen German Linen Dice Napkins, extra heavy quality and full dinner size, regular price \$1.25, White Fair Price, dozen.....	\$1.00

The White Fair Sale, remarkable not alone for its low prices, but for the great varieties and superb assortments. Remember, it's our ordering these goods a year ago—before the advance—that permits us to quote these low prices on

EMBROIDERIES.

25 pieces Cambric Embroidery, actual width 10 inches, 5-inch work and 5-inch margin, loop edge, regular price 25c a yard, White Fair Sale Price, yard.....	15c
120 pieces Fine Cambric and Nainsook Embroidery, nice skirt widths, 6 to 9 inches wide, Irish point effects, cost 23c to import, White Fair Sale Price, yard.....	19c
Another lot of Cambric and Nainsook Embroidery and Insertions, regular value 20c a yard, White Fair Sale Price, yard.....	12½c
10-inch Cambric Embroidery, Irish Point effect, regular 50c White Fair Sale Price.....	25c
27-inch Fine Embroidered and Hemstitched Swiss Skirting, regular value 85c, White Fair Sale Price, yard	50c
Ask to see our beautiful line of Fine Nainsook Cambric and Swiss Sets; also, Baby Edgings, three and four different widths of edging, with two widths of Insertions, all to match, at less than importation prices.	
24-inch Cambric Flounce, nice open work patterns, regular value 60c a yard, White Fair Sale Price, yard.....	25c
(Just think, 24 inches wide.)	

FOR THE WHITE FAIR SALE

LACE CURTAINS.

At an appalling Sacrifice. These are prodigious value-giving prices that will create sensational selling in LACE CURTAINS.

1,000 pairs Nottingham, Scotch, Brussels, Net and Fish-Net Lace Curtains, in cream, white and ivory; new patterns in dainty lace or heavy French guipure effects, 3½ yards long and up to 60 inches wide, all overlock edges, worth \$3.50 to \$4.00 pair, Special for this sale (pair).....	\$2.50
SPECIAL.	

500 pairs Irish Point Lace Curtains for this sale, 50 inches wide, 3½ yards long, beautiful designs, in ecru and white (pair).....	\$4.95
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100 pairs Brussels Net Curtains, 50 inches wide, 3½ yards long, latest patterns, beautiful centers, Special for this sale, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50 pair	
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Just Received—2,000 Lace Curtain ends in Brussels net, fish net, rococo, Battenberg, Irish point, embroidered Swiss, Nottingham, 1½ and 1¾ yards long, Special for this sale in three lots.....	25c, 35c, 45c each
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1,000 pairs White Curtain Loops, Special for this sale as long as they last (pair).....	10c
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**DAD'S
STRENGTHENING
DETS**

WHAT IS A DET?

A Det is a TINY RED PILL, made ONLY by the DAD CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK. It has peculiar properties. It not only causes the Stomach and Liver to do their proper duty, but it also tones the heart and nerves, and strengthens the whole system—hence, it is

AN ABSOLUTE SPECIFIC
FOR
**COLDS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION,
AND SHATTERED NERVES.**

25 Cents a Bottle. At Druggists.

SATANIST TO SAINT.

[For the MIRROR.]

Joris-Karl Huysmans, the distinguished French artist and author, has become a novice in a Benedictine abbey, near Poitiers de Ligugé. His sudden and entirely unexpected resolution to retire within the seclusion of an abbey proved a great surprise to his many friends and admirers in the gay capital of France. It was considered inconceivable that the cynic, with the irrepressible sardonic smile, feline eyes and Mephistophelian views and character, should desire to renounce the pleasures, honors and excitement of the world and find satisfaction in the life of a religious recluse. Yet, according to the statements of a representative of the Paris *Soleil*, who recently visited Huysmans at the abbey, the former Mephisto appears to be happy, undisturbed by regrets or longings for Paris and its life.

He found Huysmans in the library of the abbey, and seated at a table covered with books and manuscripts. He could see no change in his appearance. He still wore his pointed beard and full moustache; his eyes had retained their luster and well-known expression, and his brows were still a little diabolical. Upon recognizing his visitor, he stretched out his hands with the utmost of cordiality, bade him to be seated and offered cigarettes.

After some preliminary remarks, Huysmans said, with a little queer smile: "I promised to abide by the rules of the order and to change my morals, that is, to lead an entirely different life. I intend to become a man of piety and chastity."

The author of *Là Bas* spoke with that tranquillity which characterized him when still

connected with the Ministry. The calmness of his voice was so marked that his interlocutor almost suspected his sincerity, and could not help recalling his works, the brutal pictures of the lower classes of humanity, his cold cynicism and literary hysteria.

Upon being asked, whether he had found happiness in his seclusion, Huysmans replied: "I have no reason to desire anything. Paris has lost its charms to me. I had to visit the capital recently, for the purpose of arranging certain affairs, and at the end of two days, I was back at the abbey again. No, I have no longing for Paris; life there, now, is indifferent to me."

"You wish to know how I was converted? My conversion was due to a miracle. I cannot explain it on any other theory. It came about little by little, without any reasoning, discussions, or proofs. One nice morning I awoke and everything had become clear to me;—I believed at last. All doubts and misgivings had vanished; what I could not understand became very simple and limpid.

Don't tell me that you can convert a man with reasoning; that is simply an impossibility. If I had continued to reason, I could never have believed.

"At first I thought of entering the Trappist order, but, after a visit, I preferred the Benedictines. The Trappists eat too little and too infrequently. They rise too early, in the middle of the night, and then do not partake of anything until 7 o'clock. Besides this, their food is not at all to my liking. No, I could never live among the Trappists." He shook his head, with a quizzical smile. His words proved that the tastes of a gourmet were still with him.

The sybarite revealed himself in unmistakable fashion.

Anticipating a question he continued: "I never think of the Ministry any more." He accompanied these words with a short and contemptuous laugh, that carried conviction with it.

"That Ministry! Sapristi! *La sale chose!* What a life! When I think of that infernal telephone, which I had behind me all day, from morning to evening, with its exasperating noise. What a pestiferous invention! I cannot conceive of anything more disgusting and nerve-racking. In olden times, life in the ministerial offices was to be tolerated; there was some degree of peace and quiet; there were no electric buttons and telephones. But, since electric appliances are in use, official life is martyrdom; it is worse than hell. All day that tormenting, beastly bell-ringing."

Reference was made to newspapers and novels. Huysmans displayed great indifference and said: "I receive a novel from time to time, but, in the end, it is always the same thing. One gets tired of reading them; I do not open books of this kind any more. Neither do I read any newspapers. Now and then I hear somebody talk about a war in South Africa, that a Gen. Buller has been defeated, or that a Gen. Joubert is trying to outflank the British, and that is about all. One can do without news. What happens in the world is, after all, not so very important; it has only a passing interest. We attach too much importance to these things; for our little life, the importance attached to news is out of all proportion."

When the conversation ended, vespers were being tolled from the belfry of the abbey. The sun was slowly sinking in the West and the tops of the distant hills were

steeped in crimson. The visitor from Paris bade farewell. He left the peaceful monastery with mingled feelings. He thought of the Huysmans he once knew, the pessimist, the scoffer and misanthrope. He could not cease asking himself: "Is he really happy in his seclusion? Can he really, without pangs, forego the joys of life?"

F. A. H.

* * *

A pleasant place, where ladies with or without gentlemen may dine; where all the dainty dishes that ladies enjoy most are served; where everything is prepared in the most inviting style. Such is the LINDELL HOTEL RESTAURANT.

* * *

IT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

A boy's fishing-rod was fastened to the root of a tree on the river banks, and he was sitting in the sun, playing with his dog, idling the time away. He had been fishing all the day and caught absolutely nothing.

"Fishing?" inquired the man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there. What is his name?"

"Fish," replied the boy.

"Fish! That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"

"Cause he won't bite!"

Then the man proceeded on his way.

* * *

"Still," said the old friend who had called to converse with the venerable sage, in your advancing age it must be a great comfort to know your fame is secure."

"Yes," replied the aged scientist; "I am told there is a new disease and a five-cent cigar named for me."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Mirror.

THE TAJ-MAHAL.

In Mr. George Warrington Steevens' book about India, published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, shortly before his death, of enteric fever, in Lady-smith, there is much brilliant writing of the sort which made him the most brilliant of contemporary newspaper correspondents. Of this book one chapter is devoted to the career of the famous ruler, Shah-Jehan, the story of his love for the beautiful Mumtaz-i-Mahal, and the erection of the incomparable monument in which her dust reposes, and it is full of genuine poetic feeling. Here is a characteristic extract:

"Now follow him to the Taj," he says. "Under the great gateway of strong sandstone ribbed with delicate marble, its vaulted red arch cobwebbed with white threads, and then before you—then the miracle of miracles, the final wonder of the world. In chaste majesty it stands suddenly before you, as if the magical word had called it this moment out of earth. On a white marble platform it stands exactly four-square, but that the angles are cut off; nothing so rude as a corner could find place in its soft harmonies. Seen through the avenue, it looks high rather than broad; seen from the pavement below, it looks broad rather than high; you doubt, then conclude that its proportions are perfect. Above its centre rises a full, white dome, at each corner of whose base nestles a smaller dome, upheld on eight arches. The centre of each face is a lofty-headed gateway rising above the line of the roof; within it is again a pointed paving recess, half-arch, half-dome; within this again, a screen of latticed marble. On each flank of these, and on the facets of the cut-off angles, are pairs of smaller blind recesses of the same design, one above the other. From each junction of facets rises a slim pinnacle. Everywhere it is embellished with elaborate profusion. Molding, sculpture, inlaid frets, and scrolls of colored marbles, twining branches and garlands of jade, and agate, and cornelian—here is every point of lavish splendor you saw in the palace combined in one supreme embodiment—superb dignity matched with graceful richness.

"But it is vain to flounder amid epithets. The man who should describe the Taj must own genius equal to his who built it. Description halts between its mass and its fineness. It makes you giddy to look up at it, yet it is so delicate you feel that a brick would lay it in shivers at your feet. It is a rock temple and a Chinese casket together—a giant gem. Nothing jars; for if the jewel were away the setting would still be among the noblest monuments on earth. The minarets at the four corners of the platform are a moment's stumbling-block; they look irreverently like the military masts of a battle-ship, and the hard lines, where the stones join, remind you of a London subway. But look at the Taj itself, and the minarets fall instantly into place; they set off its glories, and standing like acolytes, seem to be challenging you not to worship it. At each side, below the Taj, is a triple-domed building of sandstone and marble; the hot red throws up the pearl-and-ivory softness of the Taj. The cloisters round the garden, the lordly caravansary outside the gate, the clustering domes and mosaic texts from the Koran on the great gate itself—all this you hardly notice; but when you do, you find that every point is perfection. As for the garden, with shady trees of every hue, from

sprightly yellow to funeral cypress, with purple blossoms cascading from the topmost boughs, with roses and lilies, phloxes and carnations—and the channel of clear water with twenty fountains that runs through the garden, and the basin with the goldfish. It is pure Arabian nights!"

* * *

At the office of the Lincoln Trust Co., at 7th and Chestnut streets, there is an artistic atmosphere somewhat unusual. The massive fixtures, elegant in their simplicity, the delicate furnishings of the ladies' reception and writing room, and the quantities of potted plants and palms, make an ensemble of great beauty and taste.

* * *

SUPERSTITIOUS PARIS.

Few people would suspect what an extraordinary number of fortune-tellers drive a thriving trade in Paris (writes the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Paris correspondent). One of the principal functionaries at the prefecture of police informed me recently that his department had the names and addresses of over two thousand persons who make their living, and in many cases an excellent living, by the most elementary and common of all the forms of the pseudoscience of divination, by telling fortunes from cards. There are other varieties of fortune-tellers galore: those who predict the future from a handful of pins thrown at hazard on a sort of chessboard, or from the shapes assumed by the dregs of coffee in the bottom of a saucer, those who resort to mesmerism and somnambulism, the chiropathists, the drawers of horoscopes, and many others. The cartomancers, however, are in the majority. The methods of all of them are identical, but their prices vary greatly. Their stock-in-trade, apart from some little imagination, considerable cunning, and unlimited impudence, consists solely of the *tarot*, a specially prepared pack of cards, as a rule clumsily hand-painted and pasted on to squares of cardboard. The cost of consulting the *tarot* ranges from a few shillings, eagerly paid by innumerable servant-girls and minor demi-mondaines, to five pounds and even seven pounds. The fortune-teller who can command these latter prices deals with society ladies, but the most assiduous clients of all are actresses, who, with scarcely an exception, believe in the talents of the cartomancers, and many of them go week after week to the same wise woman and swallow, with incomprehensible docility, the contradictory revelations elaborated for their benefit. The cheaper fortune-tellers are seldom or never consulted by men, but, curiously enough, the cartomancers, whose charges are high, often have men among their customers. There is one well-known speculator on the Paris Bourse who never ventures his money unless the *tarot* has assured him of the likelihood of his being successful; and it must be admitted that his confidence in the cards has, so far, not betrayed him, for he is exceedingly rich. The police have made desperate efforts on various occasions to put a stop to this form of swindling, but they have had practically to abandon the enterprise as hopeless. The Parisienne can no more dispense with her fortune-teller than with her dress-maker or milliner. However, not a few members of the sooth-saying corporation ultimately get into trouble with the police by declining to be content with what must be called the "legitimate" profits of their profession. Owing to the hold they obtain over their victims, and the knowledge they acquire of their secrets, they are

tempted not infrequently to launch out into blackmailing and other disreputable transactions, which land them not infrequently in the criminal dock. Indeed, an account of what goes on in connection with these fortune-telling dens would make a very curious chapter in a description of the seamy side of Parisian life.

* * *

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* * *

THE BUGLE.

Like a flash of scarlet light,
Thro' the darkness of the night,
I heard the bugle smite
Silence with sound;
O'er the villages and farms,
Asleep in midnight's arms,
It flung its fierce alarms
Suddenly round;
And like a stifled sobbing
Came the thudding and the throbbing
Of the drums that moaned and muttered
Where the flaunting colors fluttered,
Battle-bound.

Then the startled sleepers woke,
While the blatant echo broke
And dissolved, as drifting smoke
Trails o'er the hill;
And huddling, terror-eyed,
Their curtains torn aside,
They scanned the darkness wide—
All things were still.
But in their ears half-waking.
The pulsing drums were shaking,
And keen, beyond forgetting,
The bugle call was setting
Strong hearts a-thrill.

Now, ere the dawn's dim gray
Touch the rose-rim of day,
Up, lad, upon your way,
Answer the call!
Your 'customed toils forego,
Forsake the lands you know,
Stride through the kindling glow,
Stalwart and tall;
And where the bullets whistle,
And where the bayonets bristle,
When rolling smoke has hid you,
The bugle still shall bid you
Conquer or fall!

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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The Mirror.

THE BLACK EYE.

One of the children called, and she went to see what was the matter. The hall was dark, the child's bedroom was dark, the door to the room stood partly open, and the result was that she ran into the door. In spite of the usual applications for injuries of that nature, the bruise just over her eye was painfully in evidence in a very short time, and her husband was sympathetic.

"Yes; it does hurt," she said, in reply to his question. "It pains me a great deal. I think I ought to get \$50 for that."

"Fifty dollars!" he exclaimed. From whom?"

"From you," she replied.

"But I didn't push you into the door," he protested, "and neither did I leave the door ajar."

"Nevertheless," she asserted, "I think that bruise worth \$50."

"I am awfully sorry you hurt yourself," he added, "but I don't see why it should cost me \$50."

"Because I need it to get that gown I spoke to you about," she explained.

"Oho! So that's it," he returned. "You want to work on my sympathies to get the gown I have already refused to buy for you. Well, it won't do."

"You won't let me have it?"

"No."

"Suppose I should knock over a few chairs, rush around the flat noisily for five or ten minutes and then tip over a table," she suggested.

"I'd think it very foolish of you, but it wouldn't change my determination," he answered.

"Then, suppose, after making such a racket as that, which could not fail to arouse the curiosity of the neighbors, I should go out on the street to-morrow with this swollen and discolored eye," she persisted.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Suppose, when I was asked how it happened I should appear ill at ease, laugh in a constrained sort of way, and after some hesitation say that I ran against a door."

"You wouldn't do that!" he exclaimed in alarm.

"What would be the inference drawn by those who heard the racket up here tonight?"

"Oh, come now! Don't be silly!" he protested, nervously.

"What would they think of you?" she went on. "What kind of reputation would you get in this neighborhood?"

"But—but surely you wouldn't do it!" he insisted.

"Do I get that gown?" she asked, as she pulled a chair over until it was almost ready to fall.

"But you know I never did a brutal act in my life," he pleaded. "I never treated you other than kindly."

"Will you be able to convince the neighbors of that?"

"I'll bet," he said, as he reached for his pocketbook, "that you ran into that door purposely."

But she got the gown. A resourceful woman can profit even by her misfortunes.—*New York Sun.*

• • •

"Woman," observed the epigrammatic boarder, "is a conundrum without an answer."

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Sourdopp, "I never saw a woman without one!"—*Baltimore American.*

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